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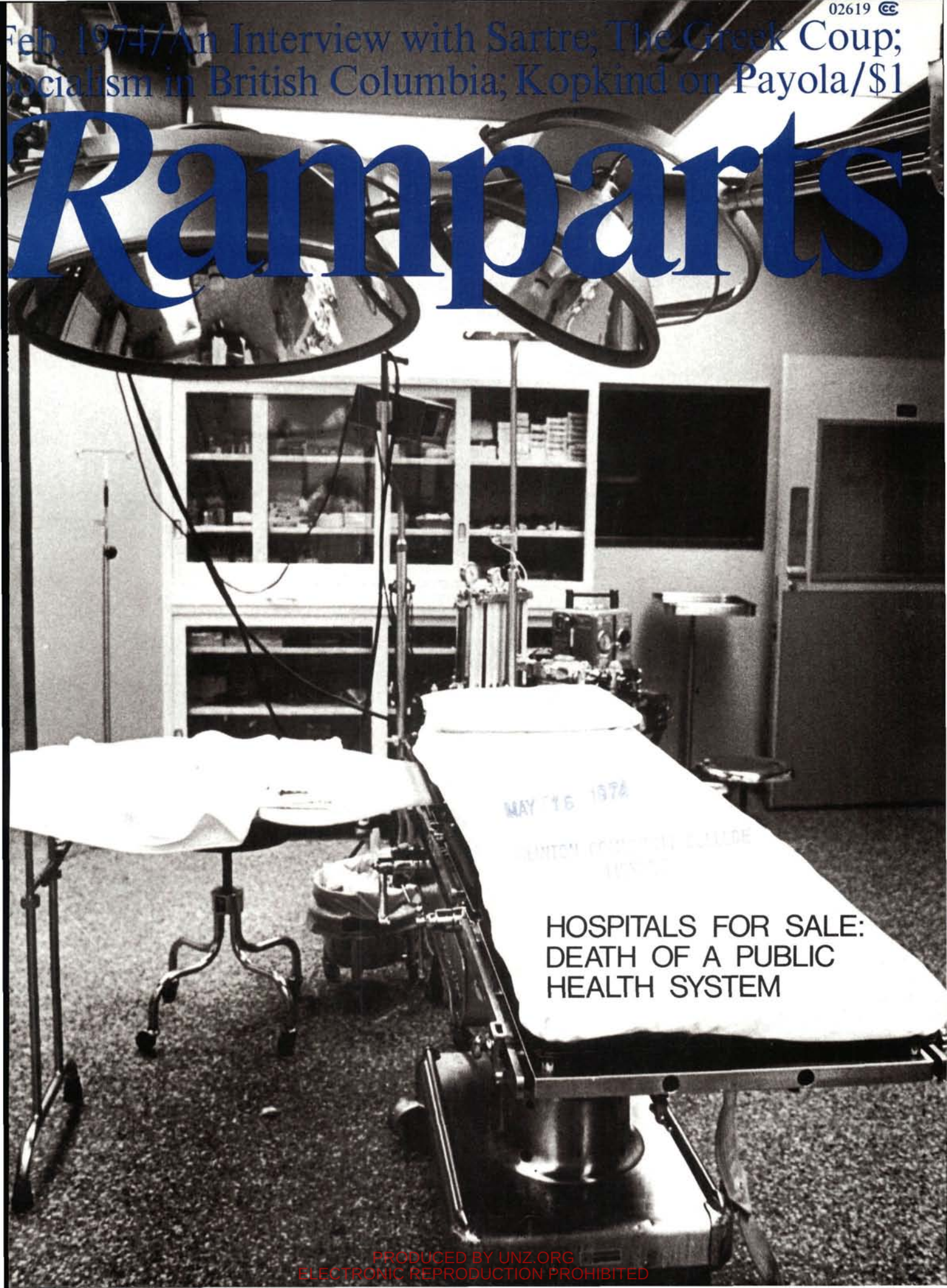
Ramparts



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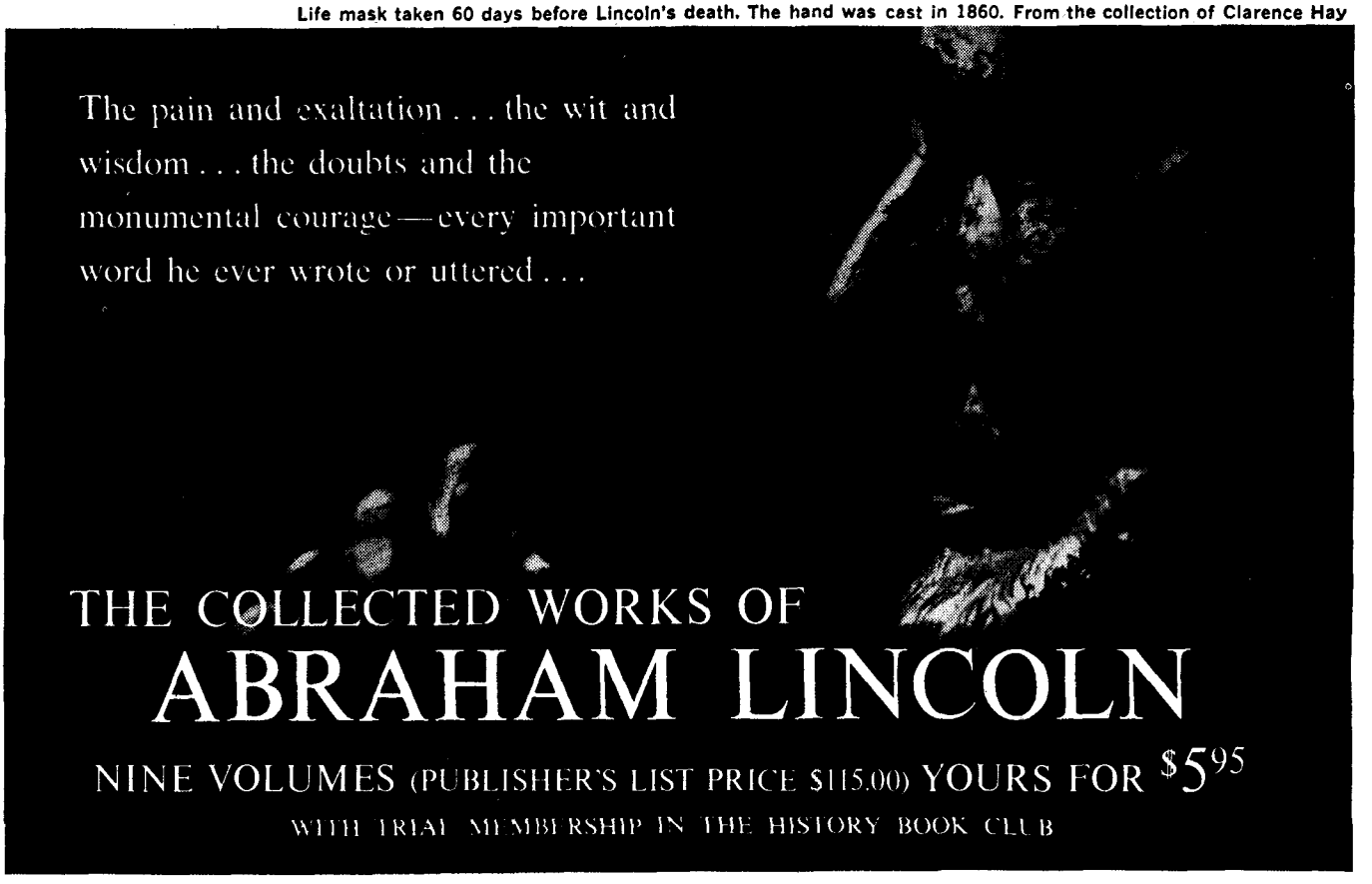
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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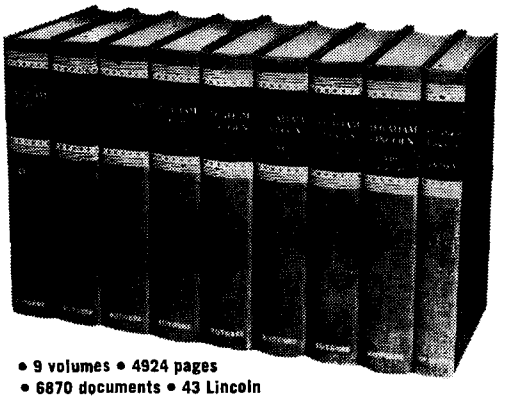

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Letters

[COMMITTEE FOR CHILE]

Editors / The military putsch of September 11th in Chile, and the massive repression of her citizenry, has a special relevance for us. For Chile was one of the few remaining parliamentary democracies in the world, and its destruction reveals, once again, how precarious are the freedoms we take for granted, when their exercise threatens vested interests. Under the military junta, as your readers know, thousands have been incarcerated and countless persons summarily executed; the universities have been put under the control of military officials and faculties purged of "dissidents"; parties have been indefinitely "recessed," parliament has been dissolved; senators, deputies, mayors, aldermen, civil servants, trade unionists, students, teachers, cabinet ministers, and vast numbers of workers have been subjected to interrogation, torture, imprisonment, death, and, if fortunate, forced exile. Hundreds crowd the few embassies which have been willing to grant "shelter" or asylum (ours is not one of them) to individuals requesting it. Few such persons have received the regime's pledge of safe-conduct out of the country, and some who do, are, in fact, arrested or shot, on emerging from their places of refuge.

The U.S. Committee for a Democratic Chile has been established with the following purposes:

1. To provide assistance to individuals whose lives, liberties, incomes, or property have been endangered by the September 11 putsch and related events. Financial assistance will be provided for legal defense, transportation, relocation, sustenance, rehabilitation, medical care, and aid in obtaining employment.

2. To gather and publicly disseminate reliable and valid information concerning the personal, civil, and political liberties of residents in Chile, and to activate public opinion in order to eliminate any restrictions on such liberties imposed by the military regime.

3. To provide assistance to other organizations and individuals engaged in similar and related humanitarian efforts.

Funds have already been disbursed by the Committee and debts assumed well in excess of the actual resources available, guaranteed from the personal income of Committee officers and associates. The Committee hopes to obtain tax-exempt status, and IRS approval making contributions to it tax-deductible, but such approval is still pending.

Your check, in the largest amount you can afford, should be made out to the U.S. Committee for a Democratic Chile, at P.O. Box 5341, Madison, Wisconsin 53705.

Professor Maurice Zeitlin
Madison, Wisc.

Editors Note: Maurice Zeitlin, a former editor of Ramparts, *is now a professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin. He has written and edited numerous books and articles on Chile and Latin America.*

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[VICTOR JARA, CHILEAN]

Unlike Lorca, he wasn't shot
By accident.
He called the roll of massacres
Too often in his songs.
(Your voice rustles in the wind
Through the dry grass.)
He chose the wrong heroes:
The warrior priest crucified by bullets,
Taking up violence against
Starvation.
(Your voice whispers in gray dust
By the new slogans on the walls.)
So he deserved to die,
After a beating or two,
His death unreported,
Generally.
"Watch for guerrillas coming . . ."
New grass rustles in the sun.
"It was just a lie
That they could kill everyone."

Mary Schneider
Hollister, Calif.

[VIETNAM PRISONERS]

Editors / The Official Saigon "White Paper" on political prisoners, quoted in Mr. Branfman's article (Vietnam: The POWs We Left Behind, Dec. 1973) mirrors the public relations hand-outs prepared by the U.S. Bureau of Prisons to describe their stateside facilities.

It is not widely known that, shortly after the media exposed the tiger cages at Con Son, the U.S. Government sent a team of five Bureau of Prisons employees to act as "advisors" to the Saigon government. Innovations in the treatment of prisoners after 1970 can probably be attributed to the fine hand of these federal prison hacks (most were middle level supervisory personnel).

My experience within the federal prison system leads me to believe that the team's main advice to Saigon was to slow down the overt mistreatment that left marks and emphasize more subtly destructive means: i.e., it is not necessary to beat a prisoner to cripple him just immobilize him. The promise of "open-ness to reporters" is a ploy used by Director Carlson today: while his attorneys battle reportorial efforts to secure information and interviews from inside the 30 foot walls.

Trammeling upon the Constitution and bald-faced lying, recently revealed in our Capitol, have been long practiced by those who have styled themselves as "correctors" and "rehabilitators."

A. Robert Freeley
New York, N.Y.

[MISSING]

Editors / After learning that two of Mr. Nixon's tapes are missing, we have now been informed that a recording of his recollections about one of them is also missing. How can someone's recollection of events be missing, unless this is a subtle way of leading up to an announcement that Mr. Nixon's memory is missing?

From there it's just one more step to the final escalation of this dilemma: Mr. Nixon will be missing (but not missed) after claiming to suffer from amnesia, which is as good a medical reason as any to step down.

Jonathan Quick
Berkeley, Calif.

[SAVE NIXON]

Editors / The American Left of course has many reasons for getting rid of President Nixon but I think we should look before we leap. At this point Nixon may be one of the most valuable allies in the bringing about of revolution in this country.

(1) By keeping Nixon in power, the present political system will be so thoroughly poisoned and corrupted and the people so disgusted, that it will be much more ripe for a complete overhaul than otherwise. One Nixon from within can wreak far more havoc than a whole army of revolutionaries attacking the citadel of capitalism from without. He's our secret weapon, a Trojan horse the conservatives have unwittingly drug into the bowels of the state.

Removing this "positive" cancer will only demonstrate the regenerative vitality of

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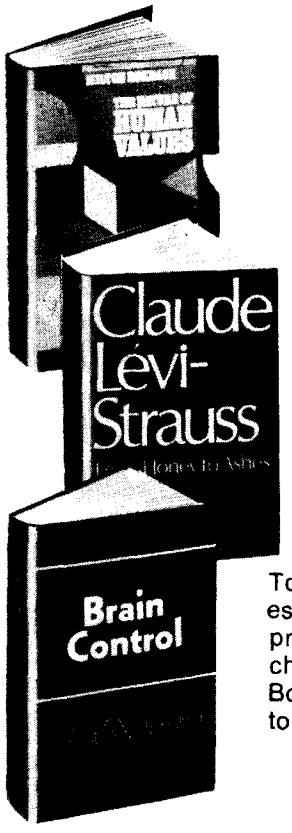

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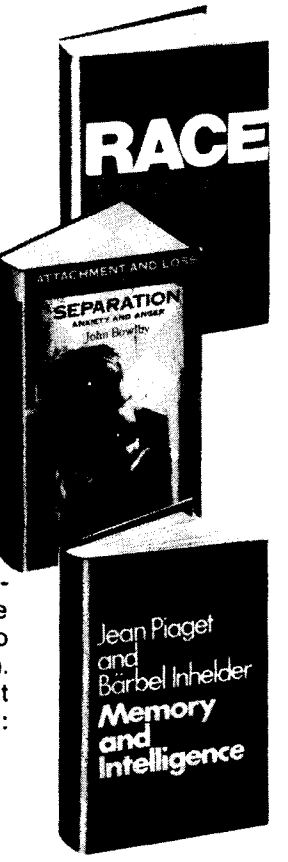

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the system and prolong the Republic's death agony just that much longer. It can only be in the conservatives' best interest to jettison Nixon and thereby preserve the status quo. It's in *our* best interest to keep him alive and sick in Washington.

(2) If Nixon remains, the power center of the American empire will be so crippled, it will be much more difficult to maintain, let alone expand, that empire. The forces of imperialism will at last be slowed down if not stopped altogether. Already conservative columnists like Joseph Alsop are alarmed by the President's inability to get funds to continue the growth of the U.S. military establishment. It should be our aim to keep that inability intact. With Nixon gone, his successor will be able to resume a much more aggressive foreign policy.

So let's join hands with the reactionaries, our secret allies and block impeachment.

L. Ward
Long Beach, Calif.

[INFORMERS DEFENDED]

Editors/I really don't need Paul Jacobs to explain to me that the traditional American mind finds the word "informant" to be somewhat repugnant. ["Informers: The Enemy Within," *Ramparts*, Aug.-Sept. 1973] For what other reason would the newspapers and magazines hide behind a euphemism and refer to its "informants" as "news sources"! Hell—the media wouldn't want its readers to think they get their information from untested "news sources" such as disgruntled and dishonest employees, jealous neighbors and vindictive former spouses.

Col. Norman L. Dodge
Deputy Director
A.S.I. Police
International, Inc.
Riverdale, Maryland

[THE THIRD SEX]

Editors / I am writing this to dissociate myself and my work from James Nolan's "The Third Sex" in your December issue, at the beginning of which he quotes, without permission, from my poem "The Stranger." Nolan's language and attitudes epitomize the kind of "dead language" and thought which impelled me to write the poem; they are the products of a masculinist, role-obsessed culture and in no way transcend it. A fascination with costume, "life-style" and surface impressions is reflected in the star-struck narcissism of Nolan's anecdotes ("There I was, with my hair almost down to my waist, my arms braceleted, my fingers gleaming with silver rings, my eyes lined with Moroccan kohl dust . . . as Valerie, Christina and I lie swaying . . . in a huge mothy hammock in my fern-hung and straw-filled bedroom" etc., etc.). Yet Nolan wants his readers to believe that "the new androgyny . . . involves coming out of the attic of our fantasies and into the world of real people." Meanwhile, he asserts, we have already passed through the "phase" of Women's Liberation, which he characterizes on the one hand by women smoking cigars and on the other as homosexual panic.

Nolan's references to women betray the real shallowness beneath the glitter-strewn surfaces of his essay. His "pansexual" women are described in almost banally sexist terms: "a svelte, sliding tropical beauty"; "a willowy creature." He refers to "straight" women with condescension and ill-disguised contempt, as I would likewise expect him to refer to non-swinging, monogamous lesbians. Nolan affects to know (and to have transcended) what is "masculine" and what is "feminine" and this licenses him to drop such Playboy/Esquire phrases as "She is a wild beauty . . . 'she walks like a woman but talks like a man': she's intelligent, politically aware" and, "Now the two sides of him, the masculine keep-things-together and walk-proud, and the feminine soft, sensitive and flamboyant, flow in a natural balance."

It is becoming clearer every day that the *idea* of "androgyny" whether as a sexual supermarket or as instant "human liberation," is being used as yet another quick solution to the radical and enormously complex human problem of sexual caste and patriarchal power. For those—primarily and overwhelmingly women at present—who are trying to work with those issues at their deepest, most painful, personal and political level, "androgyny" is fast becoming a dead word, an escape-slogan, a new layer exposed in the accretions of sexism underlying all patriarchal "revolutions."

It is inevitable that a culture so obsessed with appearances—from Nixon's image to Andy Warhol's—should present the lure of revolution-through-cosmetics, through hair-style, through media stars, plastic surgery and sex change. Nolan gives us yet more of a familiar phenomenon. Meanwhile, in his mind, as in his world, patriarchal attitudes prevail, the true issues of sexual caste and misogyny are evaded and caricatured, and thinking, like language, remains superficial and regressive.

Adrienne Rich
New York, N.Y.

Editors / It's hard to find the words to express just what we feel about *Ramparts* printing such drivel as the "Third Sex" except to say: why don't you change your name to the *Barb*, *Georgia Straight*, or *L.A. Free Press*.

It's not that we don't think the subject is an important one. On the contrary, it is

(*Continued on page 56*)

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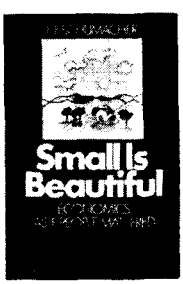

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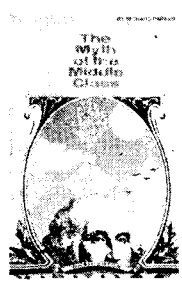

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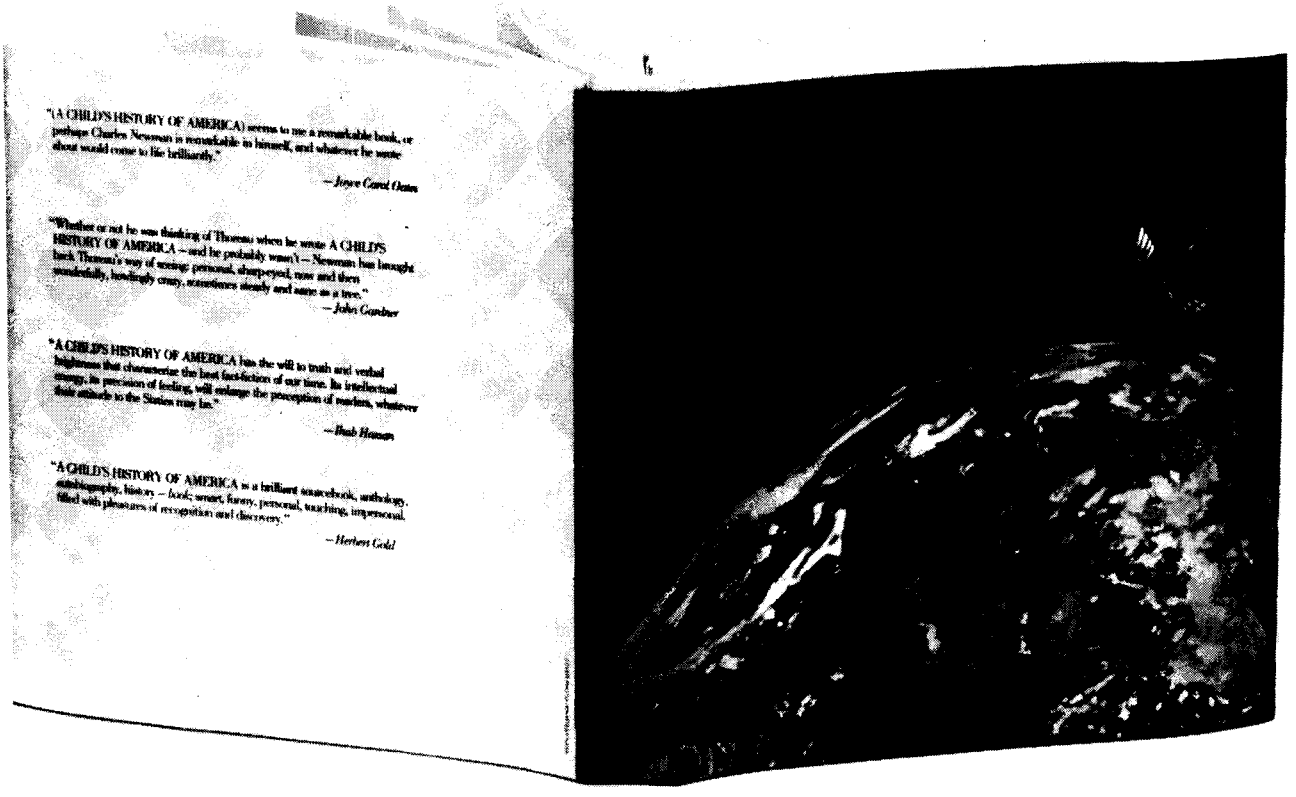
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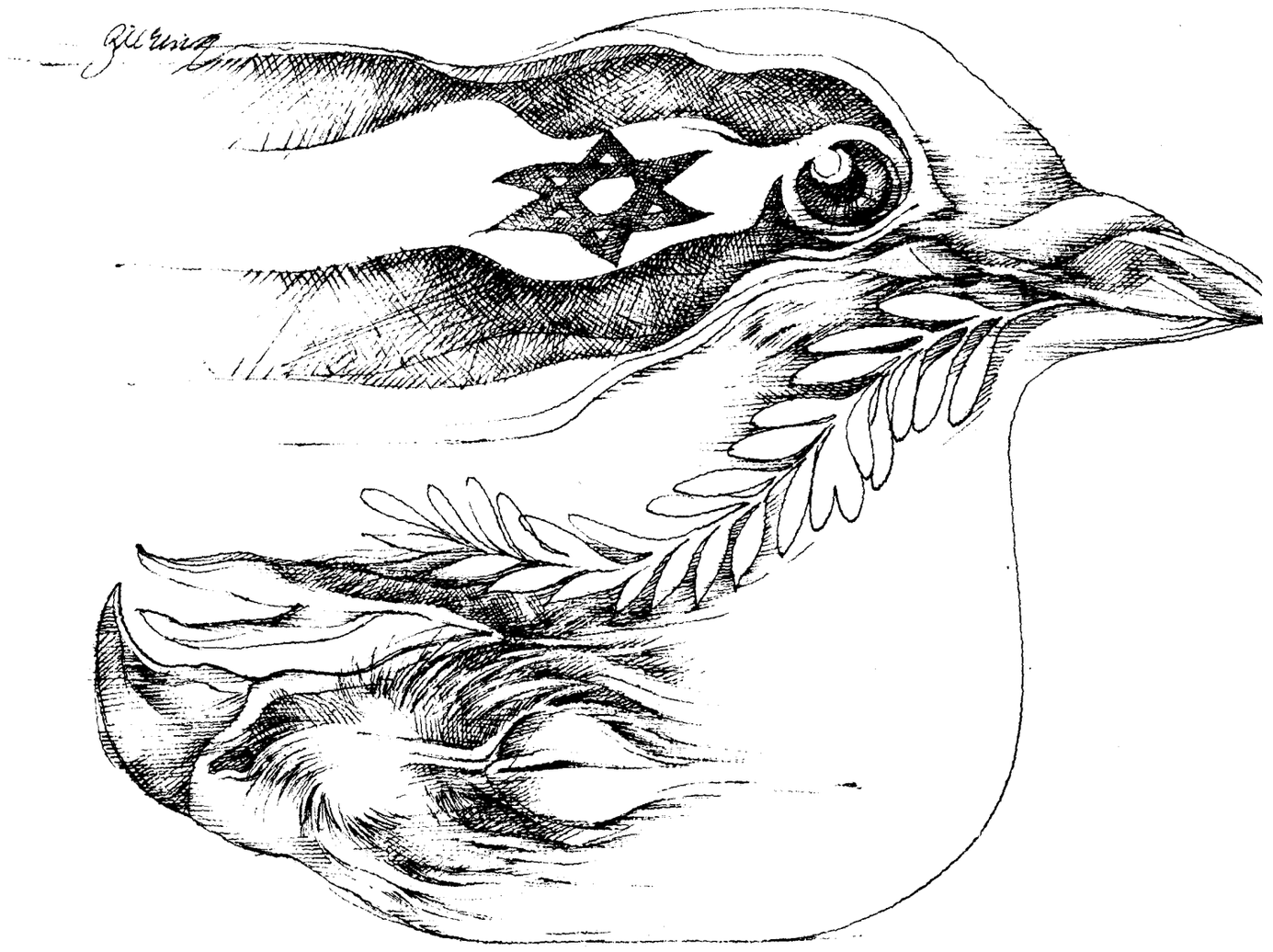

A Time to Make Peace

by Victor Cygielman

If one believes in the future of Israel in the Middle East–and I do–one has to be a dove. In other words, one has to strive constantly, systematically, for understanding and compromise, for a mutually acceptable *modus vivendi* with our Arab neighbors.

This choice of mine is not merely a question of ethics. I am a dove because I am a realist. I know the hawkish, tough attitude is usually looked upon as the realistic one, as opposed to the "naive, unrealistic" search for peace. "Peace is not a dirty word," once exclaimed an irritated Abba Eban. The question is: is it also a working proposition?

It is strange how many people equate intransigence with realism, despite the fact that history, more often than not, has proven the contrary. This is especially true for the period between the Six-Day War of June 1967 and the Yom Kippur War of October 1973. During those six years Israel's policies have been increasingly shaped by the so-called realistic approach of the ruling triumvirate of Golda Meir, Moshe Dayan and Israel Galili, minister without portfolio and Meir's closest advisor. The famous "Galili Document," adopted by the government as an election policy only a few weeks before the outbreak of the latest Israeli-Arab war, called for continuation and reinforcement of settlements in the occupied territories.

Now what is left today of the "Galili Document"? Not much, I am afraid. Dayan's plan for expansion embodied in this document, and which he

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had succeeded in imposing—with Golda Meir's help—upon the moderate majority in both the Cabinet and the Labour leadership, has been pushed aside by the turmoil of war. Israel is more isolated than ever internationally, is more dependent on the United States, and is at the mercy of a Middle East settlement imposed by the superpowers.

Why has all this happened? Is it because Israel has suffered this time a crushing military defeat? Not at all. In fact, if one considers under what circumstances—a massive, coordinated surprise attack on two fronts—the grossly outnumbered Israeli Army succeeded in turning the tide, one is bound to conclude that this severe test proved once more the superiority of Israel's military skill and prowess.

Then why is the Arabs' near-defeat on the battlefield turning into a near-victory in the political arena? No doubt the Arab oil boycott has something to do with it. But since the oil boycott mainly affects Europe, and to a much lesser degree the United States, it is not a decisive factor in the present post-war political struggle in the Middle East.

Other factors account far more for Israel's acute troubles, and most of them are rooted in the country's "Realpolitik" of 1967-1973, which was based upon a big-power complex towards its Arab neighbors.

[A BANKRUPT POLICY]

Israel's "Realpolitik" has gone bankrupt because it was founded on a mixture of false appraisals and outdated conceptions, spiced with a good deal of nationalistic-religious mystique.

The first incorrect estimate concerned the outcome of the June '67 war. Israeli leaders crowed they had inflicted upon the Arabs a decisive defeat in the biggest of all wars. They were wrong. General Dayan had apparently forgotten a lesson taught long ago by his master, David Ben-Gurion. Following the 1956 Sinai war, in which Dayan was a victorious chief-of-staff, Ben-Gurion lectured the Knesset (Israel's Parliament) that, in view of the great number of Arabs in the Middle East and the vast areas occupied by the Arab states, Israel could not possibly win a war against the Arabs, merely one or more battles. What happened 11 years later, in June 1967, was that the Arabs had lost another battle, not the war. They had to surrender big chunks of their lands, but they did not capitulate. They signed a cease-fire.

In 1967, Israeli leaders also believed that the Arabs' unprecedented defeat would force them to the negotiation table. They were wrong again. Asked if Israel had any concrete peace proposal to offer the Arabs in addition to the stock phrase about "direct negotiations without preconditions," Dayan replied he was waiting for a phone call from King Hussein and/or President Nasser. "We have just to sit tight and they'll come along—if they know what's good for them," he told journalists in September 1967. But Dayan's telephone did not ring.

Israel's third error was based on its outdated conception of security. The need for "secure and defensible" borders, and hence the need for the annexation of important sections of the occupied Arab territories, became the cornerstone of Israel's policies. Every initiative aimed at Arab-Israeli rapprochement and a compromise peace agreement was rejected if it ran counter to their security concept. This is what happened to President Nasser's invitation to Dr. Nahum Goldmann in 1969 to visit Cairo for talks; to the American peace initiative (the Rogers Plan) in 1970; to the Jarring Memorandum in 1971. Exhorted by King Hussein to choose "peace or territories," General Dayan replied with what was to become the most telling and ominous expression of Israel's security syndrome: "I prefer Sharm el-Sheikh without peace rather than peace without Sharm el-Sheikh."

But the Arabs showed themselves unwilling to grant Israel Sharm el-Sheikh (the southern tip of the Sinai Peninsula, commanding access to Elat, Israel's one Red Sea port) or any other of their lands—let alone peace. Did this worry Israel's leadership? Not a bit. The ruling triumvirate of Meir-Dayan-Galili decided that, as the Arabs did not accept peace on Israeli terms, the status quo would do as a "de facto peace."

In their minds, the Israelis had all the time in the world. They could wait the Arabs out while unilaterally fixing their future frontiers through the pursuit and intensification of Jewish settlement in the occupied territories. And this, quite apart from the moral problems involved in this policy of legitimizing the conquest of land, convinced the Arabs Israel would always maintain an expansionist stance.

Israeli leaders were confident that, in view of what they believed to be Israel's overwhelming military strength, the Arab States would not dare to unleash a new war in order to upset the status quo. And when Sadat sent his Russian military advisors home, Israel's self-assurance knew no limits. "We will not renounce our demand for secure, defensible borders as only such borders will deter the Arab States from attacking us," was Golda Meir's favorite argument. Israel's balloon full of recklessness was punctured by the Yom Kippur War of October 1973, a war which brought near disaster upon the Jewish State.

The "secure" boundaries of June 12, 1967 still did not deter Egypt and Syria from attacking Israel. The whole theory of "secure and defensible borders" collapsed. But most Israeli commentators still did not question a security concept which was already outdated in Roman times, when, of course, the Alps did not stop Hannibal's elephants. Instead of embarking upon an agonizing reappraisal of Israel's basic policies towards the Arab world, the bulk of Israeli commentators wanted only to know why Israel's army had been caught unprepared on the 6th of October.

And some prominent intellectual "doves," thrown into a panic by the war, abandoned their views in the face of the "treacherous Arab attack on the Holy Day of Atonement," as one much-publicized manifesto put it. One is dumbfounded by such gibberish. As if it mattered on which day, from a moral point of view, the Arabs launched their attack. And as if any attack is not always considered "treacherous" by the attacked. Did not the Arabs use the very same expression for Israel's surprise destruction of Egypt's grounded air force on June 5, 1967?

In point of fact, Israel's defense forces did not fail us. And neither our general staff nor the Arabs' "treach-

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erous" attack is to be blamed for the present hot water Israel has gotten itself into. The truth is that Israel's political philosophy, based on the imaginary security of "defensible" boundaries, has utterly failed.

[REALISTS AND DREAMERS]

The differences between die-hard "realists" and moderate "dreamers" in their approach to the Arab problem is not new. The debate goes back to the pre-State days when the Zionist movement was still in its infancy.

One of the greatest figures of Zionism, Dr. Haim Weizmann, who was to become Israel's first president, was acutely aware of the obstacles in the way of Jewish-Arab understanding. At the 26th Annual Convention of the Zionist Organization of America, on June 17, 1923, in Baltimore, Dr. Weizmann answered the critics who had accused him of selling out Zionism to the Arabs. "For years we have drafted political resolutions that we Jews want to live in peace with the Arabs. . . . But as soon as it comes to taking effective steps to carry out those resolutions, one is attacked from all sides. A clamour is raised that one sells out to the Arabs or to someone else all that is sacred to Zionism. It should be clear to our great politicians that one cannot put off the Arabs with empty talk. For years we have made decisions, and whatever the Jewish National Home will ultimately become, even if it absorbs millions of Jews and if, as I hope, there will be a Jewish majority in Palestine, it will nevertheless remain an island in the Arab sea. We have to come to an understanding with this people which is akin to us and with which we have lived in concord in the past. . . ."

Half a century later, another eminent Jewish leader, Dr. Nahum Goldmann, was forced to resign from his post as president of the World Zionist Organization mainly because of his strong disagreement with Israel's Arab policies. In his autobiography, published in 1969, Dr. Goldmann prophetically wrote, "My basic starting point is that Israel cannot exist forever as a hostile island in an Arab ocean . . . The Six-Day War tremendously strengthened the nation's self-awareness and led many people to believe that Israel can do what it pleases without having to pay much heed to world opinion or to the attitude of other countries, especially the great powers. The result of all this is that Israeli foreign policy has reached a dead end. It has become committed to demands, both tactical and fundamental, that even the most moderate of Arabs can hardly be expected to accept."

Looking back, one wonders who of the two, General Dayan or Dr. Goldmann, had more foresight and a bigger sense of realities. And still Dayan is termed a "realist" and Goldmann a "dreamer" . . .

Today, the Israelis have learned the hard way that Dayan's "de facto peace" was nothing but an illusuion. They have suddenly realized that in spite of their leaders' repeated assurances, the Arabs did not "get used" to Israeli occupation, and that the higher standard of living enjoyed by the Palestinians on the West Bank and in the Gaza strip did not quench their thirst to be rid of foreign rule, to be able to determine freely their own national fate.

[THE ROAD TO PEACE]

All right, a critic may ask, you made your point about the failure of hawkish policies; but how can you be sure that the dovish approach—territories in exchange for peace—will really ensure security? I cannot. But the question is not to choose between an evil and a perfect solution. Or between a foolproof and an uncertain one. The choice is between a road that led and leads unquestionably towards recurring wars, and a road that *may* lead to peace.

I would like to stress the following: there exist no foolproof security arrangements, or for that matter really secure boundaries. There are no peace treaties, even directly negotiated, that cannot be broken. Boundaries are more or less secure inasmuch as they are recognized—or not—by the other party. Peace can last when the vital interests of one side are not threatened by the other side. Given time and patience, mutual distrust can gradually lessen. Trade and tourism may follow, enabling peace to take root and grow.

That's how Washington and Moscow, West Germany and East Germany, have put an end to the Cold War. There is no reason why Israel and the Arab peoples cannot do the same. With one important proviso, however: the readiness I would like to see in Israel for concessions and compromise will bear little fruit if there is no acceptance by the Arabs of Israel as an independent, sovereign state.

Thus President Sadat's continued unwillingness to negotiate directly with Israel except over technical details of the cease-fire raises a lot of doubts in Israel. It reminds us of Sadat's previous statements that he would *never* agree to normal relations with Israel. And of more recent ones that the signing of a cease-fire agreement does not imply the recognition of the State of Israel.

It is quite possible that Sadat is merely trying to placate the extremists in the Arab world and is buying time for his peace moves. It is equally possible that the dynamics of negotiations, even indirect ones, will eventually evolve into real peace talks and Israeli-Arab understanding. This possibility should not be ruled out.

It was once asked by a prominent Israeli leader: "Why do you keep defending what you call the rights of the Palestinians? Why are you against Israel, you an Israeli who fought as a volunteer in the 1948/49 War of Independence?"

My reply was: "I am defending the Palestinians because I am *for* Israel. As long as the Palestinian people's right to national self-determination—not *instead* of Israel but as our neighbor—is not recognized, there will be no peace for Israel."

Similarly, I would also tell my Egyptian, Palestinian and other Arab friends: "It is also in *your* interest to see Israel accepted as a full-fledged member of the Mid-eastern family of nations. For as long as Israel's right to sovereign existence will be threatened, there will be no peace and Israel will be tempted to resort to a policy of force and intimidation in order to protect its national rights." ■

Victor Cygielman is an Israeli journalist and correspondent to Le Nouvelle Observateur.

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Blueprints for a New Society

As the Sixties were coming to an end, there was hope in some Left circles for imminent revolutionary change in corporate America. Then, almost as suddenly as the revolutionary enthusiasm appeared, it was gone, and the American Left was once again at a low ebb. By late 1971, the turbulent years which saw the rapid growth of a New Left already seemed like ancient history, and even in the ambiguous political landscape of 1974, any discussion of social change on a scale large enough to qualify as revolutionary still seems wildly out of place. Even so, I think such discussion is worthwhile if the Left is to be better prepared for the next time one of the inevitable consequences of corporate capitalism and imperialism--war, inflation, recession, unemployment leads to major activist ferment.

The aspects of revolutionary change I would like to pursue concern, first, the need for what I term "blueprints" for a post-capitalist, post-corporate America and, second, the need for a new political strategy. If those who talk of revolutionary change are going to connect with the various kinds of exploitation and oppression suffered by Americans of different social strata and ethnic origins, they will have to go beyond critiques of corporate capitalism, however telling those critiques may be, and beyond ringing calls for a "new social order," however decent and humane those calls may be. They will have to help create alternative visions of United States society that are not general but specific, not vague but concrete--visions, in short, that are at the level of detail of "blueprints" for a post-capitalist America.

I think there are three parts to a good program for large-scale change: a comprehensive critique of the present system, an alternative vision of the future, and a political plan for implementing that vision. The American Left has been good at comprehensive critiques, but not so good on visions and political strategies. Then it will have to suggest a plausible political strategy for bringing these blueprints to reality, a strategy that is appropriate to American political realities in the last quarter of the 20th century.

The basis for my suggestions is not reading and research, but observation and experience--observation on the periphery of New Left activities in the late Sixties, and experience answering questions and listening to audiences after giving speeches on the topic of "Who rules America?" or "How the power elite dominates government." As I watched and listened, I came to believe that comments like "They have a power elite in the Soviet Union, you know," or "What have you got that's better?" must be taken seriously as a clue to the underlying attitudes of most Americans toward radical criticisms and calls for social change.

[OFFERING REAL CHOICES]

Rightly or wrongly, most Americans--and especially Americans over age 35--are rabidly anti-socialist, and that anti-socialism is based in good measure upon the history of the Soviet Union. Too many Americans are convinced that their choice is present-day capitalism, with all its ugliness, or a Soviet-style state socialism. Given that choice, based on fear and lack of vision, they opt for the present system. Only by talking about concrete plans will it be possible to involve people in developing their own alternative visions, thereby overcoming the paralytic anti-communism that makes it impossible to contemplate an alternative future without the fear that it will be worse than the present.

But there are other dimensions--perhaps of greater importance--to the reluctance of most Americans to consider major social change. One of them, I believe, involves the places from which so many of us came just one or two or three generations ago. For we came from something worse--the Old Country--and the United States has delivered in many ways. "Remember the Old Country!" people in audiences would warn me. "Be thankful for what you've got, young man." Thus, while we are talking about what should be morally, and about what could be, given the productive potential of the international economy, most Americans are comparing the present to the past, and being grateful. And this is not, I contend, because of the liberal apologists who constantly proclaim this inactionary doctrine, but because of the actual experiences of millions of working-class families.

This point about the Old Country relates to a third factor which contributes to the need for blueprints. A great many hard-working Americans are well off enough materially that they do not seem willing to risk what they already have. Even without the fear of Soviet communism and traditional memories of the Old Country, it might be that most Americans would believe it smarter, for all their discontents, to go along with imperialism and inflation than to involve themselves in a struggle for vaguely defined goals which just might (they reason) result in something worse. Unless there is something specific to work towards--blueprints--Americans will settle for minor changes in the status quo.

It may be possible through careful studies to discover just how important each of these three factors is in helping to sustain the general corporate capitalist hegemony that exists today in the United States, but that is not my concern here. For now, I will be con-

by G. William Domhoff

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An ideological battle fought at all levels from precinct to President could have dramatic results in a relatively short time.

tent with my general point that there are concrete historical reasons why many Americans seem to want a more specific alternative before they become involved in anti-capitalist political activity.

[BUILDING UNITY]

Beyond first getting people into the mental framework where they can contemplate major political action, blueprints are needed to bind together any newly developing political movement that people might join. In other words, blueprints might be part of the answer to the difficult problem of constant divisiveness among those seeking revolutionary-scale social change. As the experience of the Sixties once again shows, it is not enough to share a common critical analysis of the capitalist system. Anti-capitalists come from such diverse social, ethnic, racial and religious backgrounds that they need something more than a common enemy to keep them together. That something more might be achieved through the conscious development of a set of long-range blueprints that would make short-run personal and stylistic differences of less importance.

The point about binding people across socio-economic, ethnic and racial chasms is closely related to another consideration—the development of detailed blueprints to neutralize certain groups of people, people who would be neither hurt nor benefited materially by large-scale social change in the United States. I think there are such groups in the middle levels of American society—teachers, government employees, certain white-collar workers, certain skilled tradesmen, and some small businessmen and store owners. Such people might come to see that they could go along with the new society if it were to come about. I don't think they should be forced to choose sides—defined as enemies just because they won't become active supporters. Instead of a popular Sixties slogan, "If you aren't part of the solution, you're part of the problem," I think the following motto should be adopted: "If you aren't part of the problem, then you're a friend of ours."

[UTOPIAN OR REAL?]

If blueprints are as important as I think they are, why has there been so little emphasis on them? I can think of several reasons, but on this question one stands out, and that is the nature of marxism, at least as the theory has been understood by most marxists in the United States. For the theory that in one variant or another dominates Left thinking everywhere does not put much emphasis on blueprints. If anything, in its desire to be considered "scientific," it puts down anything that seems to smack of utopian or idealistic thinking, and blueprints often get shunted into that category. Scientific marxism stresses how inexorable processes inherent in capitalism lead certain social groups into struggle, and it is out of this struggle that "consciousness" is supposed to come—meaning the inevitable realization of the necessity for social ownership of the means of production. In this view, blueprints are hardly needed. People move, step by step, into a deeper struggle, and only slowly begin to create a vision of a new and better social organization.

Now, this view may be true in some places at some times, but I don't think it is true here and now. I also think it de-emphasizes the fact that the word "socialism" used to embody an adequate blueprint. "Scientific" marxism, despite its denigration of utopian socialism, really did have a visionary aspect to inspire its followers. However general was the blueprint originally embodied in the idea of socialism, it was a blueprint that was sufficient for the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Now many systems call themselves socialist, some more attractive than others, and the blueprint has to be more specific.

To say that the vision of socialism has been tarnished by events leads to a second reason why blueprints are neglected in the United States. For a long time, the Soviet Union was the only blueprint entertained by the dominant American Leftists, and when things went sour there, those in and around the Communist Party were caught in a bind. They wanted to be friendly toward the Soviet Union, but they could not use the Soviet Union as an example in convincing Americans to embrace socialism. And they could not help create appropriate blueprints because they already had a blueprint that was unappealing to most Americans even before the Cold War and its hysterical propaganda. The result was a strategy which played down the need for concrete alternatives, with the hope that the Soviet Union would transcend its underdeveloped stages and become a full-fledged example of socialism.

But I do not want to put the whole burden on marxism and the American Communist Party. Many New Leftists, in their attempt to be non-directive, democratic, and non-elitist, also felt that people in action would more or less gradually generate their own blueprints. "Let the People Decide" is the slogan that embodies the stance. Thus there was little or no emphasis on alternative visions in most New Left political thinking. On this score, they did not break with their predecessors on the Old Left.

I agree that the people should decide, first, whether blueprints are needed, and second, what the blueprints should be. I would only add

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that we are part of the people, and that it is not elitist to advocate considering whether an important next step is to develop blueprints. Indeed, if people reject a call to fashion new post-capitalist blueprints, they will have made their choice. I just hope the question gets on the agenda for discussion, and that it is not decided by appeals to marxian theory or the experience of past revolutions.

[A TIME TO TALK]

So much for why we should have blueprints but don't. How should we create them? People—from all walks of life, and not just experts—should develop them, for by working on blueprints many new people could become involved in building a movement for large-scale social change. If it were mainly anti-capitalist intellectuals, labor intellectuals and students who continued to work on analyses and critiques of corporate capitalism, perhaps a wider range of people could be drawn into the process of creating blueprints to replace the system that has been analyzed and criticized.

What I have in mind is small groups of disaffected Americans in every region of the country sitting down with each other to talk about blueprints for the social institutions in which they have direct experience—whether it be factories, hospitals, schools, or agencies of one kind or another. Basing themselves on humanistic and egalitarian principles widely shared by socialists, they would discuss the kinds of organizations that would be feasible for their work area. No doubt various kinds of experts might be catalysts and resource persons for many of these groups, but they should see themselves as political activists trying to involve people in a process, rather than as experts trying to convince people of a particular plan as to how a certain sector of the economy should be organized.

To take one example of how this process might work, consider farming and food distribution. Groups might begin by considering consumer co-ops as the basic food outlet, for this puts choice and control in local, consumer hands. They would go on to determine whether co-ops should control middlemen and producers, or whether the middlemen should be state controlled and small farmers encouraged to organize into producer co-ops. In short, they would try to develop a plan for the control of the units of a food system that would be egalitarian, flexible, and consumer-oriented.

I think the following motto should be adopted: "If you aren't part of the problem, then you're a friend of ours."

[A PLAN OF ATTACK]

Blueprints, of course, are not enough in themselves to constitute a program for major social change. It is also necessary to have a political strategy—a plan of attack. On this score the American Left has been even weaker than on its lack of an adequate vision. It has chosen to follow strategies that have been appropriate for other times and other places, but which have been dismal failures when attempted in the United States. Partly because of a great admiration for successful revolutionary movements elsewhere, and partly because most marxists tend to concentrate their theoretical attention on the economic "substructure" rather than mere political "superstructure," the American Left never has come to grips with the historically based realities of the American political system.*

My experience during the Sixties, and my reading of American political history, have led me to advocate a political strategy that involves electoral struggle within the two-party system, something that no anti-capitalist group in the 20th Century has attempted on an openly ideological basis. My plan, which leaves most Leftists gasping for breath, is to run candidates in Democratic Party primaries on the post-capitalist blueprints that are developed by the process I have just outlined. Every party election and party primary would be entered, from precinct level to the Presidency. In fact, it is essential to this approach that candidates be running at all levels on every occasion. Top-down is no good. Grass roots alone is not enough.

This strategy differs from other in-the-system attempts. It is not the old, temporary Communist Party plan of submerging ideology and supporting moderates against reactionaries and potential fascists. Instead it stresses the presentation of ideology—in the form of post-capitalist blueprints and a searing critique of corporate capitalism—as the most important part of the strategy. Nor is this the familiar liberal or social democratic plan for supporting the "best men" or "good liberals." It calls for the encouragement of new candidates who are committed to the post-capitalist blueprints. Nor is it the newly developing strategy of single-city reform, which seems to have no avenue to national political power.

There are several merits to this plan. For one thing, it allows you to fight ideological battles instead of spending endless hours and dollars getting on the ballot and registering voters. For another, it allows you to bypass longstanding attachments to party labels on the part of the people (blue-collar and white-collar workers) you most hope to reach. But most important, it allows you to contend for

*** See James Weinstein's excellent *The Decline of Socialism in America, 1912-1925*, for evidence of how intoxicating the Soviet revolution of 1917 was for American Leftists. I agree with Weinstein that the Left has made no major inroads into the American underclasses since that long-ago time.**

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working people's sympathy without helping to elect conservative Republicans, which would be the major result of third-party efforts that were very successful. In other words, it allows you to work for a long-term change in people's allegiance to the tenets of corporate capitalism without doing damage to the short-run, pocketbook issues so rightfully of concern to the middle American of blue and white collar.

Working Americans are not going to abandon the Democratic Party for a third party of the Left. They know something that American Leftists little perceive—that because of the nature of the U.S. political system, with its several constraints toward a two-party system, their only hope for change lies within the Democratic Party. With the help of their liberal friends in the ADA, working-class leaders will fight bitterly—as they did in the Henry Wallace campaign in 1948—against any third party which might diminish the chances of bread-and-butter Democrats in regular elections.

It will be objected that the major problem with this strategy is that the Democratic Party is "controlled" by the wealthy fat cats, conservative Southerners and urban machine leaders. And so it is. But these are precisely the groups who would have to be defeated by a third party anyhow. It would be necessary to break their hold on Democratic voters, who are the people any third party would have to attract. My thought is to do this within the loose structure of the Democratic Party, where the short-run interests of the working classes are protected.

This is not a plan to wreck the Democratic Party. That is, no "rule or ruin." There would be no running on a third-party ticket if candidates lost in the primaries. Only two things are required to be a good Democrat—to register, and to support the candidate elected in the primary. No ideological credentials are required to be a part of the party, and Revolutionary Democrats would work to keep it that way. Loyalty to the party would be essential. If anyone is going to bolt, let it be the fat cats and the Southern bosses (as many of them did in 1972). The task would be to transform the Democratic Party, and the way to do that is to develop a set of blueprints which Democrats can ratify again and again by the candidates they nominate in party primaries and at party conventions. For Democratic Party ideology is what Democrats say it is—and what they say it is is determined by the people Democrats elect to attend party conventions and nominate to stand in general elections.

Given the relative openness of this process, an ideological battle fought at all levels from precinct to President could have rather dramatic results in a relatively short time. The paltry battle fought by Eugene McCarthy in 1968 first suggested this possibility, and the one-man efforts of George McGovern and George Wallace in 1972 only reinforce it. Remembering how much appeal they had running as single candidates with virtually no ideas, consider what could be accomplished by a blueprint-based effort with thousands of candidates.

[THE MOMENT IS RIPE]

As I came to believe in the soundness of this strategy between early 1970 and 1972, I repeatedly said that the year 1972 was not the time to try to implement it. I believed that the New American Movement and the Peace and Freedom Party deserved a free hand in their separate attempts to show that they could develop a Left politics which could improve upon the various unsuccessful efforts which led to the demise of the New Left between 1968 and 1970. But neither of these political thrusts, in my opinion, has been successful. The experience of the New American Movement shows that any movement in America needs an electoral strategy; and the experience of the Peace and Freedom Party demonstrates once again that a third party will be ignored by working-class Americans and used by the conservatives—as the Republicans secretly did in California in 1972—in an attempt to divide the Democrats.

Given the failures of other Left strategies, I think the time is now ripe to give a new strategy a serious try. The idea would be to organize Revolutionary Democrats into small groups of the kind suggested earlier so that they could begin to formulate the post-capitalist blueprints on which candidates could run in 1974 and 1976. As the blueprints are developed, candidates could begin contending at all levels for precinct posts, county chairmanships and party nominations for elected government positions.

Until more Americans see the world through anti-capitalist perspectives, and believe in concrete blueprints, there is no hope for any kind of "radical" action that transcends one or another single issue that is the concern of the moment, whether that concern be nuclear testing, the Vietnam War, racism, inflation, pollution or corruption. I think the idea of presenting alternatives to corporate capitalism by running in Democratic Party elections at all levels might be a reasonable way to proceed in creating this new "consciousness." The other ways have not worked, American Leftism is again at a low point, and this particular strategy has not been tried before. True, there is more to a successful program than I have prescribed here—including the constant need to be working through a variety of means toward the neutralization of the armed forces.* But the idea of challenging the Democratic Party from within would be the new starting point.

So consider the following framework: Break the ideological hegemony of the corporate capitalists by bringing the struggle home to the Democratic Party. Become Revolutionary Democrats dedicated to replacing corporate capitalism with concrete blueprints for a post-capitalist, post-corporate America. ■

*** The shocking and bitterly ugly turn of events in Chile in September is only the most recent evidence for this basic axiom. In 1968, in a speech arguing for a continuance of non-violent direct action, I noted that "everyone knows that any serious revolution must not only isolate the ruling social class and eliminate its economic base, but it must do away with the army that is its ultimate instrument." I then suggested the Left should oppose a standing army such as the power elite is now trying to create, and that as a movement grew in the United States, it would have to have members join the military and become advocates of "one thing and one thing only– the subservience of the military to the civilian government, the refusal to take sides in an internal political controversy."**

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Sygma

Greece: The Junta Is Dead, Long Live the Junta

It started at the memorial service for George Papandreou, the former Greek Premier who died five years ago after a long and severe house arrest. On November 4, 1973, more than 50,000 people in Athens joined the march, led by students, from the church to the cemetery, shouting for "Freedom!", "Democracy!", "U.S. out of Greece!", "Yankees to Texas!", "Down with Tyranny."

On the 8th of November there were confrontations again between police and demonstrators, primarily young people, who had gathered outside the Athens court where 17 were being tried for their "resistance to authority" and "public mischief" during the memorial procession. On November 14, sentences were given out, and those convicted made statements that they were proud to go to jail, as one of them said, "on the altar of the battle for the freedom of Greece." That evening, 5000 students took over the Polytechnic School of Athens.

On November 15, the Polytechnic School remained occupied, and a student radio within the school began broadcasting throughout Athens. Everywhere people twisted their dials to find the student wavelength. Slogans shouted over the radio and by the students in the school were: "Out of NATO," "Down with the Americans," "Down with Papadopoulos," and "Power to the Workers." Meanwhile, similar activities started in Salonika and Patras, the two major cities outside of Athens.

By the next day, all of Athens was in a revolutionary mood. Pent-up hostilities, anguish, and hatred for the government had reached an explosive stage. Thousands poured into downtown Athens from the city and surrounding areas, responding to the appeal of the students to join them. They came unarmed; clashes began. The people constructed makeshift barricades, commandeering buses and turning them diagonally across the streets near the Polytechnic School, as obstacles to tanks. Doctors volunteered medical aid to the wounded. People brought food and water to the students occupying the school. Fires were started in downtown Athens. Police charged into the crowds, clubs flailing. The crowds fought back.

At 4:30 on that Friday afternoon, the Student Committee of Struggle read the following statement in the presence of 60 Greek and foreign journalists: "The students from all the schools during the student movement became conscious that our problems in relation to the democratization of education and operation of the educational system could not be solved without change in the political situation. Thus, beginning our political struggle, the students and working people have closed themselves in the Polytechnic Institute to make our positions clear and to call upon the Greek people to join us and fight with us until the final victory."

The students went on to call for "the immediate overthrow of the tyrannical regime of the junta and the simultaneous institution of popular sovereignty," and for "national independence from foreign interests which for years have been supporting tyranny in our country." "It means," they concluded, "strikes, massive mobilization, massive demonstrations, with its target the general strike for the overthrow of the junta."

By 6 p.m., an estimated 40,000 demonstrators had gathered on Patission Street, where the Polytechnic is located, and along the side streets. To protect themselves from the ferocious attacks of the police, they yanked up planks from construction sites and battled back, managing temporarily to defeat the hordes of policemen and clear out the area. Blood had

by Margaret Papandreou

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spattered the streets by now. An hour later the police returned, throwing tear gas bombs into the crowds. On nearby Stadiou street, the demonstrators had regrouped, and now broke into shops through windows and doors trying to escape from the stinging tear gas. About 200 demonstrators ran to take over the Ministry of Public Order, managing to set fire to a government vehicle. They were attacked by overwhelming police forces and dispersed. Similar actions were occurring elsewhere.

By 11 p.m., police trucks had reached the Polytechnic area where they threw tear gas bombs into the school and into the courtyard. The students had lubricated their eyes, nostrils and ears with vaseline and withstood the onslaught. In all the main thoroughfares of downtown Athens, battles went on. The Provincial Building of Aigaleo was occupied. By midnight, tanks were seen moving in the vicinity of Athens. From the student radio station came the following broadcast: "Don't go away! Don't be afraid! Tonight fascism will die!" Another message asked urgently for gauze, medicine, blood and oxygen tanks, and ambulances for the wounded. Many were taken away with gunshot wounds.

By 1:15 a.m. the tanks were getting nearer the school. The three students who had been broadcasting—two men and a woman—remained at their posts. They told those outside the school to come in, or to leave. "Don't be afraid of the tanks. They're not going to hit us. Fascism will die now. Those who want to leave, leave by tens to the cars waiting and get away. Those who want to stay, come inside and join us." By 1:35 a.m. the tanks had surrounded the school. Most of the students had not left the courtyard. Many had pressed against the iron fence facing the street and the tanks, their hands curled around the bars tightly, with determination. "Don't forget we are brothers," they shouted to the soldiers in the tanks. "We are unarmed. We greet you only with applause. You will not hit us with your tanks." Fires lit up the background area, behind the Polytechnic and on the streets of Athens, shedding an eerie light on the dramatic contest being waged.

At 1:51 a.m. the radio broadcast that police were entering the school. "Why the police and not the soldiers?" the announcer asked. Then, to the soldiers: "You are our brothers!" The students and the workers who had joined them sang the National Anthem and "Ksasteria," a Cretan fighting song. Just before the radio station fell silent, around 2 a.m., students took turns repeating the following message: "We are unarmed. We are the youth of Greece. We are against the tanks, the agents of the United States. The guns of the tanks are staring at us, ready to kill the youth of Greece to serve the foreign interests!"

As more police managed to enter the school, the students shouted: "Our soldier brothers! The Army with the people!" The students fought back against the clubs of the police. Shots were heard inside the school. The tanks moved to within three yards of the fence. The students in the courtyard stood their ground. At 3 a.m., three tanks started moving toward the fence, mowing down a car the students had parked as protection, and causing the students to scatter and run, their arms held high in defiance and singing the national anthem. It took an hour to beat, wound or kill the students inside the school, and to clear it out. It took another hour for the dead and injured to be taken away and hundreds arrested. Others managed to escape.

[PAPADOPOULOS LOSES CONTROL]

Thus ended what—at least temporarily—has been called the "Children's Crusade." Although martial law was declared that night, sporadic fighting and demonstrations continued through Saturday and Sunday. Accurate figures are impossible on how many Greeks were killed at the Polytechnic, but reliable sources from within put a total of at least 400, including the dead in demonstrations that had sprung up in other parts of the city. Families whose sons or daughters were killed were informed where to go for the burial one hour before it was to take place, and ordered not to mention the death to anyone. (It has been reported that many who died were given a mass burial, and designated "arrested." Their fate won't be known until those now detained are all freed.)

Daniel Simon/Gamma

Polytechnic School after protest is crushed

Even though the uprising had been put down, its lessons were there for all to see. As the *New York Times* reported shortly before the coup, "What has happened in this volatile city these past few days wasn't just a student rebellion. It was the most serious challenge yet to the junta.... The students were joined for the first time by young construction workers angered by a runaway cost of living. If the Government fails to resolve the economic difficulties that produced the angry coalition, the events of recent days may be a foretaste of more serious clashes to come."

Indeed, of the 866 people admittedly arrested by the regime, 475 were listed as workers. But it was not just workers who found themselves disgusted with the Papadopoulos dictatorship. The men who manned the guns of the tanks were just as sympathetic to the students, and their hesitation to plow into the Polytechnic School reflected the much more dangerous edge of a revolt. Only the police, under the control of a Papadopoulos cousin, were determined to put down the uprising. The deeper implication was that Papadopoulos had lost his control of the Army, the key instrument of his power and continuing authority.

When the next morning, Greek television showed only a photograph of Papadopoulos with a voice-over declaring martial law, the inference be-

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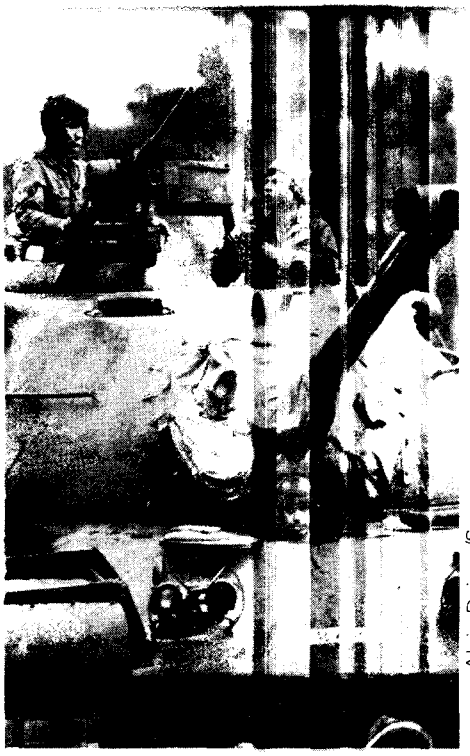

Alain Dejean/Sygma

Army is called in against demonstrators

came clear that he was in trouble. At what exact point in the next few days he was told to move aside and make way for a re-shuffling is not yet known. It *is* known that he was offered two tickets outside the country, banana republic style, for himself and his wife Despina- a social gadfly who, it is widely rumored, took frequent trips to Switzerland to deposit the profits of six years of despotic and corrupt rule; Papadopoulos, however, refused. Instead he accepted house arrest at his villa in Lagonissi (a gift, incidentally, of Aristotle Onassis) where a guard of armed soldiers surrounded his retreat.

[AMERICANS BEARING GIFTS]

But the crucial facts about the Papandreou ouster relate not to events, but the reasons behind them. A change of guard has taken place in Greece, not a "coup" in the common sense of that term. Power has been passed from one set of hands to another, but the difference for the Greek people is immaterial. The only real questions of importance are, "Why was Papadopoulos overthrown now, and what do the events mean to the ultimate freedom of Greece?"

A partial answer to the first question can be glimpsed in the ease with which this change of guard occurred. It led Greeks to call their armed forces "the best-trained branch of the American Pentagon." Most Greeks (and non-Greeks) had thought Papadopoulos was invincible. He had put his personal and dedicated friends, his three brothers and relatives, in key positions, and had set up a Soviet-style commissar system in all sections of the armed forces to watch for any cracks in the structure of control. "All of this," said one Greek, "collapsed like a house of cards when the orders came from higher up that Papadopoulos was through, that there was a change in management."

American maneuvering behind the scenes in foreign governments is not so hard to believe now, in 1974. Watergate and the Pentagon Papers have opened up a window–for those not already aware of Greece, or Iran, or Guatemala, or a dozen other foreign countries–on the shabby tactics of the power elite in Washington. But in Greece this time, the probability of an American hand in the latest coup (as in the earlier one) is almost inescapable.

Almost all officers in some command role during the past six and a half years since the coup, for example, were trained in the U.S. Ionnides, the lieutenant general who is being touted as the new strongman behind the shuffle, trained together with Papadopoulos in the States. Androutsopoulos, the man picked as Premier, and who held several ministerial posts under Papadopoulos, is an American-trained lawyer from Chicago, who reappeared in Athens coincidentally only a few months before the coup of 1967. Gizikis, presently holding the title of President, was also trained in the U.S.

The links between American and Greek intelligence networks are directed by the American CIA. It was to no one's surprise that, out of five men who led the coup in April 1967, four of them were agents of Greek intelligence–Papadopoulos being the key liaison between the American CIA and the Greek KYP. (These are the Greek letters standing for Central Intelligence Services. One would have thought there could have been more originality.)

Furthermore, the intertwining of U.S. and right-wing Greek interests extend into the political lives of both countries, a commingling symbolized by the Greek-American Tom Pappas. Long considered an important factor in the dictatorial development of 1967, he becomes a subject of curiosity in the new phase of rule by the military. Where was he? What was he up to? The answer is that he was in Athens and "very busy." ESSO-PAPPAS, a Standard Oil subsidiary, is Greece's ITT. Pappas has obtained monopoly rights over 19 industries in Greece, has brought in a familiar American beverage, Coca-Cola (the ditty on Greek television says to music, "Coca-Cola is good for you; Esso-Pappas is good for you!"), and has helped Nixon's brother Donald obtain for the Marriott Corporation the food service rights to Aristotle Onassis' Olympic Airlines and its American facilities. Some of his earliest activities included the paying-off of deputies of the Center Union to defect from Papandreou after the King ousted him in 1965, and to join the royal puppet governments.

As a CIA man, a role he admitted in an interview with a Greek newspaper in 1968, he was very busy indeed the week or so prior to the booting out of Papadopoulos. His activities included making sure that Androutsopoulos, the American trained Chicago lawyer, would be given the key position of Premier, just as he helped maneuver the vice-presidential appointment of Spiro Agnew at Miami in 1968. As a huge fund raiser for the Republicans in the U.S., he carries a lot of clout on both sides of the Atlantic.

But why American involvement? In early 1972, when the colonels gave homeport rights to the Sixth Fleet in Piraeus, they were doing no more than returning a favor to those who helped put them in power, part of a bargain which had already given the Pentagon 13 military, naval and missile installations in 20 years. When asked by a Congressional committee why the U.S. needed a naval base in Greece, Admiral Zumwalt, then-Chief of Naval Operations, described it in humanitarian terms. He said it reduced the hardship on men stationed away from home often for more than six months, since their families could live near Piraeus. Under further questioning, however, he admitted that only 17 percent of sailors stationed in the Mediterranean

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claimed dependents. What he should have also admitted was that the home-port arrangement allowed the U.S. to secure the Mediterranean as *Mare Nostrum,* giving it the flexibility to counter the Russian "threat" of growing naval power and to protect American oil interests in the Mideast—all at the modest expense of Greek freedom.

Most of the Sixth Fleet was in Piraeus Harbor when the change of guard was announced on Sunday, November 25th—just as it was at the time of the coup in April 1967. Navy personnel were not given shore-leave that weekend, and ships of the Greek Navy pulled into the harbor alongside the giant American carriers, ready for whatever contingency demanded their presence.

[THE BOTTLE IS OPENED]

The big question is, of course, where does Greece go from here? And where does the U.S. go from here? The hopes of the security managers in Washington to make Greece into a Turkish-style "democracy" went awry, and the new line-up they have produced in Greece today is an emergency contingency, a holding operation until they can figure out what to do. Things happened too suddenly and unexpectedly.

Until September of this year, the hopes of Washington were working relatively well. The new constitution placed under Papadopoulos' direct control the functioning of foreign policy, national defense and internal security. He selected the members for life of a Constitutional Court whose duty it was to screen parties and candidates for Parliament, and who had the power in addition to throw out a person or party in power if their policies were deemed against the national interests of the country.

It was a pat, rather ingenious solution, whose key architect had been Demetrios Kousoulas, a professor at Washington's Howard University. The problem was that it could only work if the Army, the old political world, and the people would dance to the tune.

The Army could be ordered to go along. For a while it appeared that the political world would join the music. But, in an attempt to seduce the political world of Greece, Papadopoulos made a critical error: he permitted freedom of the press.

On September 6, the newspaper *Apoghevmatini* published an interview with the leader of the Panhellenic Liberation Movement, Andreas Papandreou, which outlined the targets of the resistance struggle: "The blocking of any participation in the parody of democratic processes that are dictated by the neocolonial constitution of the present regime; the mobilization of all the exploited classes of the Greek people, escalated toward a confrontation with the regime; active resistance, which cannot fail but bring a warm response from the Greek people; and the overthrow of the foreign-interests serving regime, and the establishment of a Greek democracy which expresses simultaneously the sovereignty of the people and the independence of the nation."

This was soon followed by statements of other political leaders, in the same tenor—including Panayiotis Cannelopoulos, leader of the party of the Right, ERE, who refused to even enter discussions with the newly chosen politician-Premier, Spyros Markezinis.

Thus the liberation fight took on new vitality, and the quest for freedom and a change in the status quo became a crescendo. Its peak of intensity was reached the day and night of November 16.

The new rulers are made out of the same cloth as Papadopoulos; most of them, in fact, have served his regime in one role or another. Premier Androutsopoulos, for example, has made statements of rule-by-decree for a long time, with vague references to accomplishing the original aims of the "revolution," and to cleansing public life—a six-year public life for which he and others are responsible.

But the new rulers do *not* have Papadopoulos' capacity to hold together an edifice of brute oppression, which he had succeeded in doing until just the last few months, and their early statements show an absolute lack of cohesiveness and direction. For example, although Papadopoulos is being accused of making scandalous financial deals, he will not be tried—presumably because it could set a precedent which might someday turn against the present regime. Constantine Rallis, a rightist and one of the few politicians who has joined the Ionnides junta, has been allowed to claim that elections will be held in the near future, "maybe 10 to 14 months," and that the old political world will be included—even though Ionnides has personally said just the opposite. The press was told that it had utter and complete freedom, as long as it wrote nothing against the regime. Yet suddenly, for no known reason, the newspaper *Vradyni,* considered sympathetic to Karamanlis, the ex-premier living in Paris, was sealed off by 12 men from ESA—the dread military security police. And while some of the recently arrested Greeks have been released, a new wave of arrests has begun.

The situation is at an impasse. For those currently in command, the Greeks have a saying: "In front the precipice, behind the torrential current." The key aim of American foreign policy in Greece, to create a stable neo-fascist state, with the Army in control and the Right in support, has led to the opposite—a radicalized population whose demand for economic and social change, for national independence and popular sovereignty, far exceed what an elected government would have striven for in the elections that were cancelled because of the Army intervention in 1967. In addition to that, the Army is in shambles, no longer a reliable police force to keep the people under control. The cork has been pulled from the bottle, and the Greeks are teaching the world a lesson that Americans seem unwilling to learn—that they cannot put out the fires of national liberation struggles all over the world, that the costs to the American empire are becoming intolerable, and that its capabilities of controlling all nations are limited and declining. This is especially true where resistance has a mass base and is spontaneous, as is the case in Greece.

More blood may run, but it appears quite clear by now that the final victory will be that of the Greek people. ■

Margaret C. Papandreou is author of Nightmare in Athens *and wife of the exiled Greek political leader, Andreas G. Papandreou.*

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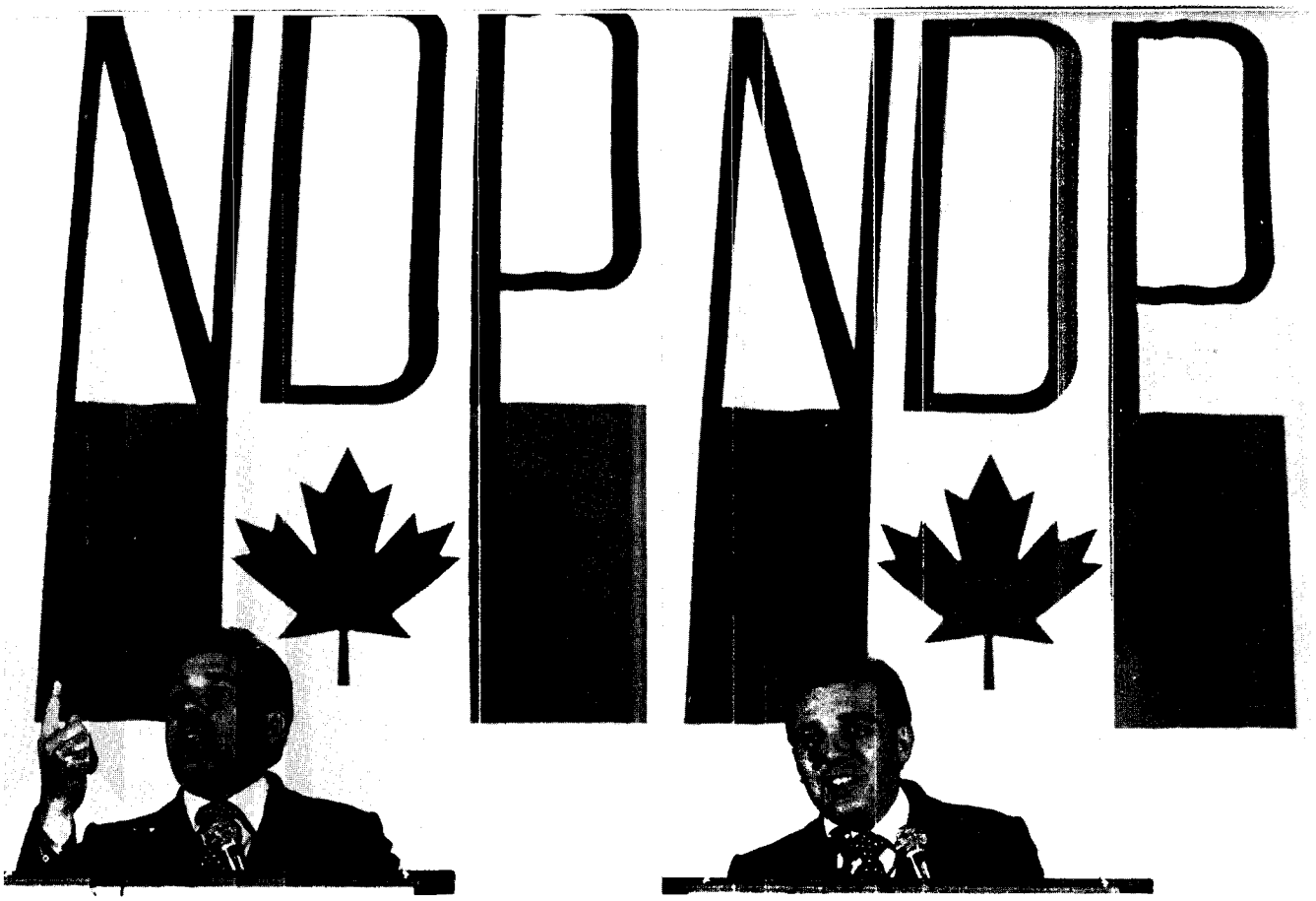

British Columbia:
Socialism in One Province

Visibly angry, David Barrett, Premier of British Columbia and one of the leaders of his New Democratic Party, tells a crowded hall of delegates, "The NDP didn't seize power, the people asked for power for themselves in British Columbia." A roar of applause. Barrett, leader of the only democratic socialist party in power in the Western hemisphere, breaks into his famous smile. The liberal *Vancouver Sun* had contended in an editorial that the New Democratic Party had "seized" power; Barrett was letting the press know what he thought about that kind of loose talk.

Barrett was also stirring the faithful who had gathered in mid-November for the NDP's annual convention in the Hilton-run Hotel Vancouver. The mood of his speech was jubilant and congratulatory. So proud was Barrett of his government's achievements that he appealed across the continent to the Parti Quebecois to abandon its separatist notions and join with the NDP to "build a socialist Canada from shore to shore."

A year and a half ago, in August 1972, the New Democratic Party had been democratically elected in British Columbia, winning 38 of the 55 seats in the provincial legislature. Under the parliamentary system, the NDP was able to rack up this comfortable majority of seats while only winning 39 percent of the popular vote. The NDP victory ended 20 consecutive years of rule by the Social Credit Party, an odd assortment of Babbit-like small businessmen and right-wing populists headed by W.A.C. (Wacky) Bennett, a stern and Puritanical oligarch who presided over the corporate exploitation of the province's immense mineral and forest wealth.

Barrett and his government wasted little time launching into an orgy of bill passing—more than 100 important new laws or amendments in little over a year. The laws, all progressive if not socialist, led *Barron's* (a Wall Street financial journal) to label Barrett "The Allende of the North." However New Left and marxist groups describe Barrett as a bourgeois social democrat, nothing more than a reformer of capitalism in British Columbia. "The NDP was created to lie to the working class," says one marxist professor at Vancouver's Simon Fraser University.

A more likely assessment—at least the one I came to after a visit to B.C. last fall—is that the NDP (as it exists in this province) is an authentic democratic socialist party bent on creating a more humane and just society in Canada—but it is flawed by the very historical circumstances and society which gave it birth. And whatever the deficiencies of the NDP, its experience and policies offer numerous lessons for political activists in the post-Watergate United States.

by Derek Shearer

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[THE FOUNDERS]

The NDP has its origins in the Depression, when hungry farmers and workers, and even some small businessmen, in Western Canada formed a new political party called the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) whose goal, as stated at its first convention in 1933 was the "establishment in Canada of a cooperative commonwealth in which the principle regulating production, distribution and exchange will be the supplying of human needs rather than the making of profits."

Many of the founding members of the CCF joined not because they were socialists (in fact, they were populists), but out of hatred for Canada's eastern establishment—the banks and monied industrialists of Toronto and Montreal—and the politicians in Ottawa. To this day, the agrarian western provinces of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba feel exploited by the big cities of the East.

The CCF won its first and only provincial victory in Saskatchewan and, except for a brief period in the 1960s, it has held power there since 1944. The CCF used its power to establish the first government-supported hospitalization program in Canada. The arrangement proved so beneficial and popular that it spread to the other non-CCF provinces. Doctors bitterly opposed the measure. Later, when pre-paid health insurance was introduced in the 1960s, some even went on strike. The CCF also created a provincially-owned auto insurance company to sell low-cost, no-fault insurance (The Saskatchewan no-fault provisions have been a model for some American states which have adopted no-fault, such as Massachusetts.) The insurance program was strenuously fought by the large insurance companies.

The CCF in Saskatchewan successfully expanded already existing government-owned firms (called Crown corporations) such as the telephone and electric power companies. A New Deal-type program of rural electrification was highly popular. The Party also took some industries away from the private sector, such as natural gas distribution, and established several new ones, including a bus line, a tannery, a woolen mill, a box factory, a shoe factory, a seed-cleaning plant, fur, fush, and lumber-marketing boards and a brick yard. Most of these enterprises were financially successful and provided services needed and wanted by the public.

Canadian Dimension (roughly the equivalent of RAMPARTS), concluded recently that, despite its successes, the CCF made three basic errors in Saskatchewan:

> *First, the government failed to develop a socialist civil service, and thus limited the possibilities that new, radical programs might emanate from the civil service. Secondly, fear that the party might push the government too fast, caused the government to give less and less encouragement to party activities outside of elections. This depoliticization of the party was particularly noticeable during the lacklustre party campaign in support of medicare. . . . [Thirdly, the] government's unwillingness to allow workers' participation in nationalized industries was further evidence of the caution with which the government was challenging corporate values.*

In 1961, the CCF joined with the Canadian Labor Congress to form the New Democratic Party. The platform adopted at the Party convention did not use the word socialism. It is fair to say, as does *Canadian Dimension,* that "the explicit goal of the New Democratic Party was the creation of a welfare state for Canada" along the lines of the Swedish model of social democracy.

The NDP was first voted into office in Manitoba in 1969, and reelected this past June under the leadership of debonair, media-conscious Ed Schreyer, who calls himself a social democrat, not a socialist.

But at the national level, the NDP has never seriously threatened the hegemony of the two ruling parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives. The ruling Liberals have tried to develop social welfare programs in order to undercut the NDP's potential appeal to disgruntled voters.

It is in British Columbia where the NDP faces its greatest opportunity. Here at last the Party has a chance to create a showcase of democratic socialism which could appeal to Canadians in other provinces and possibly catapult the NDP to national power.

[THE EXPERIMENT BEGINS]

British Columbia offers fertile ground for the NDP's experiment. For one thing, it is rich. Although the province has only 2½ million people, its gross provincial product in 1972 was estimated at $12 billion, up approximately 11½ percent from 1971. The wealth comes from the resource extraction industries: forestry, mining, commercial fishing, and agriculture. A second source is foreign trade through the major port of Vancouver—the export of raw materials from B.C. and the prairies, and the import of finished goods from the U.S., Japan and Europe.

"We are a resource-rich province," says Robert Williams, minister of natural resources, ". . . I think we can share in those revenues to a degree that is unprecedented in North America. It will allow us to develop any social program we want—almost, I suspect, to the point where the only limit might be our own imaginations. At times, I really do think that's the only limit in British Columbia."

B.C. also has the most highly unionized work force in Canada, with a tradition of labor militance which goes back to the days when the Wobblies—the International Workers of the World—were active in organizing workers in the interior. Premier Dave Barrett's father, Sam the Banana Man, who sold fruit on the sidewalks of Vancouver during the Depression, was an IWW member.

The British Columbia branch of the NDP has always been the most radical in the Party. Marxists and militant socialists have managed to work with more moderate social democrats and populists without disavowing their own beliefs. But a major element in the recent and future success of the NDP in B.C. (and Canada) is the personality of Dave Barrett—a 42-year-old former social worker who grew up in the working-class district of East Vancouver and was educated in the U.S., at Seattle and St. Louis universities.

Many Party regulars at first tended to underestimate Barrett; they considered him something of a buffoon. He is the kind of schmaltzy humorist who, when asked by hostile reporters if he is a marxist, replies: "Who do you mean?

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courtesy of the *Vancouver Sun*

Barrett talking with British Columbia fishermen

Groucho, Harpo or Zeppo?" For three years after his election as Party leader in 1969, Barrett paid his dues by stumping the interior of British Columbia, visiting mining, logging, and fishing towns where he addressed working people in an open, folksy and non-intimidating way. Leaving his jacket open to expose his bulging stomach Barrett is 5′9″ and weighs 205 pounds), he would explain that he owed his girth to the government-subsidized restaurant in the Parliament Building. "Socialism is good for the politicians in Victoria [the capital]," Barrett joked, "but it's obviously too dangerous for you."

"I'm not hung up on ideology," explained Barrett during an interview in his office one afternoon. "I believe in the potential of the people, not some abstract principle. There is a better way of doing things based on trust. I firmly believe that the people can have power, and that it can be achieved democratically."

As to how he would define socialism, Barrett said, "Not capitalism," and grinned. Of course, he was being cagey; another line he likes to give reporters (especially Americans) is, "We're the culmination of Upton Sinclair's struggle in California, 50 years later." And given a chance, Barrett will tell you how he's been influenced by Franklin Roosevelt, St. Thomas Aquinus, and Willy Brandt.

Barrett has said on occasion that "socialism is all about priorities." He rejects the marxist notion that violent class struggle will be necessary to bring about socialism. Walter Young, a historian at the University of Victoria, explained the basic assumption of the NDP by saying, "Socialism is essentially a perspective." This perspective includes a vision of a society where the basic necessities of living need not be struggled for, but are considered to be human rights; and where individuals are able to actively participate in the institutions of government and work.

[REAL PROGRAMS]

Barrett and his cabinet ministers have tried to give legislative substance to this perspective. They have made some mistakes, have moved too slowly in some areas and too carelessly in others—but they have come up with some interesting programs which might well be modified and put forward by activists in the U.S.

• **Insurance.** The newly created Insurance Corporation of British Columbia, when it begins operation in March 1974, will be the largest insurance company in Canada. Like the NDP in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, Barrett's government has entered the auto insurance business; no-fault government auto insurance has been made mandatory in the province and will be issued in conjunction with driver's licenses. Private insurance agents will be allowed to sell the government auto policies at a fixed commission. The government insurance corporation will also sell all other classes of insurance in competition with private firms. It can compel any municipality or agency receiving government funds to obtain the insurance.

The rationale behind the government insurance company is not only to offer lower rates to B.C. consumers; the company's capital can be invested in other government corporations, in new private-public investment ventures, and in other government securities. This will give the government added leverage in influencing economic affairs in the provinces.

The establishment of the insurance corporation met with little opposition. The independent agents decided to go along with the government; in return for their cooperation they received the right to sell the auto policies. The insurance companies have filed a suit which contests the legality

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Stephen Shames

of the government's action, but it is unlikely that the courts will decide in their favor.

• **Guaranteed Income.** Barrett's government has instituted a minimum wage of $2.50 per hour, the highest in the world. Under the government's Mincome plan, every person over the age of 60 receives an income of up to $209 a month—couples may receive up to $418. The province provides free prescription drugs for persons 65 and over. Human Resources Minister Norman Levi is implementing guaranteed income for persons under 60 and a program of guaranteed employment in community-oriented jobs such as health clinics, schools, day-care centers and food coops.

(The government has increased grants to nonprofit day-care centers and provides financial assistance to parents for child care. Minister Denis Cocke is studying a plan to establish community-controlled health centers throughout the province.)

• **Land.** The NDP's most controversial bill to date has been its land act, which effectively froze the sale of agricultural land in British Columbia. The act created a five person commission with virtually absolute power to zone areas for agriculture, greenbelts, parks and other public uses without compensating owners for the lost profit which might have been realized by sale for development. The commission also has the power to purchase land for leasing back to family farmers and to acquire urban land for residential construction.

Real estate interests vigorously fought the bill when it was debated in Parliament. They even organized a demonstration of disgruntled farmers on the steps of the legislature. During the debate it was revealed that most of the "farmers" were, in fact, real estate men. One NDP legislator discovered that over 50 percent of the agricultural land in his area was controlled by development and real estate interests. Land speculation was one of British Columbia's oldest industries, and now the NDP has wiped it out.

• **Energy.** The NDP has replaced the province's public utilities commission with a seven-person energy commission. It possesses the power to license gas stations and other businesses in the industry; to fix wholesale and retail prices for gasoline, heating fuels and related products; to prohibit the use of trading stamps or other merchandising gimmicks at stations. To back up its power, the commission has the right to examine the books of any licensed company, as well as to require them to furnish additional financial information.

In addition to the commission, the government has established a Crown corporation to purchase and market natural gas in competition with private companies.

• **Natural Resources.** Nearly 95 percent of the land and resources in British Columbia are publicly owned. Until the NDP came to power private corporations made superprofits extracting mineral and forest wealth. "They're our trees, it's our water, our minerals," Minister of Natural Resources Robert Williams explains, "They belong to all the people of this province, and in a world that is becoming more and more short of resources, the increased value of these resources simply belongs to us, not to those people or multinational corporations who have only temporary tenures."

The Barrett government has set about raising resource taxes until it feels it's getting its "fair share." This means that inefficient companies will be forced out of business and most likely taken over as government corporations. For private corporations which are efficient, it will be the government which decides the permissible rate of profit.

So far the government has taken over three forest-product firms at fair prices. Two of the three, money-losers under American private enterprise, are now making money, due primarily to a rise in pulp and newsprint prices around the world. The firms had threatened to shut down or sell out, and the government took them over to preserve jobs and stabilize development in the North.

• **Public Enterprise.** Government ownership is not, in itself, radical in Canada. Conservative governments have supported government-owned airlines, railroads, and power projects. It is another matter, however, when a government directly competes with private enterprise or completely usurps industries.

The creation of a government enterprise—even one which competes with some private enterprise—does not automatically guarantee the achievement of socialist goals, however. For example, the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), when it was first established as a part of the New Deal, did compete with private power companies. A series of TVA's were envisioned for other areas of the country and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes proposed establishment of a government petroleum company. However these further steps—due to opposition by business and President Roosevelt—were not taken. Today, TVA is a rather stodgy public agency; it angers environmentalists by strip-mining, and the power it provides is a boon to private enterprise. TVA's rates are weighted in favor of industry and the Atomic Energy Commission at the expense of consumers and farmers. "TVA is a Robin Hood in reverse,

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robbing the poor to pay the rich," one critic recently told the *New Republic.*

The point is that public enterprise must be backed up by a dynamic government intent on realizing its political goals. Without such support public enterprise is little different from private enterprise.

Barrett's government is not in favor of government ownership as an absolute principle, but it does intend to intervene in the economy to insure that its goals are realized. How much intervention this will take and in what form is not yet clear. A British Columbia Development Corporation has been established with $25 million in capital with the power to lend money, acquire, develop and sell industrial property and buildings. The major purpose of the corporation is to develop secondary industry in the province and to decrease its reliance on resource industries and on finished imports.

It was part of the NDP's electoral platform that the province's privately-owned telephone company would be nationalized, but Barrett has announced that this is no longer a priority. According to an assistant of one of the ministers, "We took a look at nationalization and the cost was incredible. What's more, the facilities of the phone company are in need of modernization. If we took over the phones tomorrow, then all the complaints about lousy phone service would be leveled at us. Better that people stay angry at the phone company for awhile."

However in an end run around the issue, Barrett announced at the NDP convention that the government employees' pension fund just happened to be purchasing shares in the phone company (prices had shot down after the NDP victory), and that the government would soon demand representation on the board and a say in policy as a major stockholder.

[CRITICAL EYES]

The major criticism of the government's public corporations comes from labor. "The NDP runs their Crown corporations worse than a private employer," complains one labor leader. The government has proceeded slowly, perhaps too slowly, in finding new management for the Crown corporations. Poor working conditions and intransigent attitudes by management have already led to strikes on the government railroad line and at a government pulp and paper plant.

Mike Lebowitz, a radical economist at Simon Fraser University, has proposed that the government create its own socialist business school to train workers and managers for Crown corporations. So far, the NDP seems to be repeating its mistake in Saskatchewan of failing to develop idealistic and public minded civil servants. In firms which it has taken over from the public, the government has retained most of the private management at their previous pay scales.

Barrett's ministers are not unaware of these problems. Natural Resources Minister Robert Williams, Barrett's chief ideas man in the cabinet, has stated, "We don't intend just to get into the game of state capitalism. We will have worker and community representatives on the boards of Crown corporations, and will also give workers some equity participation. . . . This could mean that we could find an alternate way in terms of sharing wealth between management and labor instead of the kind of sterile confrontations and shut-downs and games-playing.

"That will take time and trust and experience. But if it didn't happen, much of the real purpose for public involvement in companies would disappear. Just owning it to make money isn't quite good enough, even for the public."

In our interview, Williams refused to be more specific than this. I asked both him and Premier Barrett if they had studied workers control arrangements in Yugoslavia; neither expressed any firm response (either they know little about Yugoslavia or were unwilling to admit that they did).

My impression from talking with Williams is that he's serious about introducing new labor-management arrangements into the Crown corporations, but is being very cautious about how he does it. Many labor leaders are skeptical about experiments in workers participation and control, often viewing such new arrangements (in some cases rightly so) as threats to their bureaucratic power. So one of the obstacles to eliminating hierarchy in the workplace is organized labor. To date, the Canadian labor movement, like the American, has shown little official interest in democracy in the factory and office.

In addition, private enterprise in Canada is certain to howl when and if the Barrett government seriously starts to alter work relationships. Capitalism is predicated on workplace hierarchy, and should the government move against it in a bold way, even in a few public corporations, business interests, as well as the media, are certain to mount an attack. This must weigh in Williams' and Barrett's minds when they consider how to proceed in the direction of real economic democracy.

Should the NDP government in British Columbia succeed in introducing democratic working arrangements into Crown corporations, it will be a giant step forward in the history of democratic socialism. Public enterprises exist in other countries–Renault in France, BOAC in Britain, Alfa Romeo in Italy, etc.–but all are run in a manner similar to private enterprise. Even in Sweden, where social democrats have ruled for decades, government enterprises have been slow to introduce industrial democracy. Barrett's government has a real opportunity in this area, if it decides to exercise it.

Barrett is also getting criticism for his response to women's issues. It was the policy of the NDP in the last election that the government would, if victorious, establish a ministry of women's rights. After a year in power, the government has not done so. Barrett has said a women's ministry does not have "priority." "I have always been a supporter of the women's liberation movement," Barrett explained to Party members. "But I just do not believe that women, as a group, are oppressed under capitalism."

Barrett claims that his government is concerned about human rights, that it will protect the rights of all people, including women. In response to this argument, Rosemary Brown, a feminist NDP member of the legislature, says women need a ministry "because those sections of the population which have been mistreated in the past must have measures designed for them."

Brown has pressured Education Minister Eileen Dailly to

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eliminate sexism from B.C. school texts, and she has recommended that the Insurance Corporation of British Columbia offer housewives insurance. Her proposal is for the ICBC to provide a policy to protect housewives left financially insecure by divorce, desertion or death of their husbands. Often, Brown's suggestions are met with laughter in the legislature, even from co-NDP members. The NDP has been male-dominated in the past, and is only slowly beginning to change.

Another criticism leveled at the government is that it has acted in an unsocialist manner in giving raises to cabinet members and providing new and expensive imported furniture for cabinet offices. This may seem trivial, but it can (take Nixon's spending on his White Houses) be indicative of a haughty attitude toward public funds and of a lack of fidelity to the principles of socialist equality. Should a Cabinet minister be paid more than $50,000?

More importantly, the policies of the Barrett government have not yet directly affected the distribution of wealth and income in the province, though they have raised more public money which the government is using to increase services. The provision of better, cheaper services does benefit working people by adding to personal security, but the government does not appear to have plans to drastically alter personal taxes (significant tax reform will have to be done on a federal level, as in the U.S.). If the government does give workers equity in Crown corporations, this would be a step toward greater equality of wealth. So too would more equal salary scales in Crown corporations. But so far neither of these things has happened.

[TOWARD A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT?]

In his speech to the recent NDP annual convention, Barrett told Party members that his is "a truly people's government; it is truly representative of the people's wishes." Of course, in large extent it is Barrett and his ministers who interpret the people's wishes. It is axiomatic that the Party sets policy when it is out of office, but that the Government sets policy when in office. My impression of the NDP is that it is an incredibly democratic Party, with a strong grass roots organization; still, the Party membership only represents a fraction of the population of British Columbia. Because he is an elected politician, Barrett inevitably has to be mindful of public opinion, as well as Party opinion.

The Barrett government is currently enjoying something of a political holiday. Opposition on the right is discouraged and split between Liberals, Conservatives, and Social Credit. The Social Credit Party has not found a leader to replace crusty old W.A.C. Bennet. And left opposition within the NDP is not tightly organized. When Barrett is criticized too heavily by Party members, he has, on occasion, told them that if they don't like him, they can elect a new Party leader: which, of course, they won't do. The only short-term threat to the government is potential strikes, which Barrett is doing his best to avoid. It is highly likely that Barrett's NDP government could rule B.C. for the next ten years, and success in B.C. could mean national leadership for Barrett. He appears to be the only NDP politician capable of attracting a majority of Canadian voters in some future election.

Of course, all this potential will be meaningless if the NDP in British Columbia degenerates into a social welfare government in the manner of the British Labor Party or the Social Democrats in Sweden. This could happen if Barrett and his colleagues become too conscious of their media image, if they worry more about pleasing liberal editors and commentators than pushing strong socialist programs. Part of the degenerative process would include being too concerned about the welfare of private enterprise, of being afraid to have some head-on clashes. This is what happened to the Party in Saskatchewan and Manitoba where the NDP governments suffer from an excess of timidity.

In Saskatchewan, for example, government leaders let the Party apparatus atrophy by not calling in its grass roots network for extraparliamentary support in battles for new programs. In fact, the longer the government stayed in power, the more it toned down its socialism and avoided new, controversial programs.

The transition from capitalism to democratic socialism is not easy, and there are no well delineated road maps for Barrett to follow. Chile might have provided one, but the attempt ended in tragic bloodshed. The NDP does not want to cause social chaos by moving too fast without popular support; yet if they do not move steadily ahead with socialist programs at a reasonable pace, Barrett and his friends will become, as one newspaper said of the Manitoba NDP, little more than "liberals in a hurry."

One way Barrett can avoid this trap is by relying on the Party to actively support new programs and by educating the public on the importance of introducing democratic participation into all institutions of society.

If a crunch were to come—say in the form of clandestine American support for NDP opponents (as happened to Allende in Chile)—Barrett would be in a better position if he had a politically active citizenry and party to back him up. Such a scenario is possible but not likely in the near future. Barrett's government has paid fair prices for the American firms which it has to date taken over. Last May, Barrett met with Moody's Investor Service in New York and gave a good performance. Using the government's large budget surplus, he has retired $30 million of $250 million in outstanding provincial bonds. Moody's continues to give the province the same high credit rating it enjoyed under the previous government.

Many of Barrett's seemingly anti-business measures are popular because of widespread feeling in British Columbia (and throughout Canada) that the country is an outpost of the American commercial empire. Raising the royalty rate which Kaiser Corporation pays on coal from 10 cents to a dollar, doubling the royalty rate on oil, increasing timber cutting rates by 30 percent, as well as buying out some American firms, are viewed by British Columbia as reclaiming the province's wealth for Canadians, not as an assault on the free enterprise system.

British Columbia is no socialist paradise. It would be foolish to expect a total transformation of the province after one year in power. However good things may come in the future—from Dave Barrett, the friendly social worker, and from what opponents call his "socialist hordes,"—if they don't lose sight of their own socialist vision. ■

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Hospitals for Sale

(and other ways to kill a public health system)

On a cold November day last year, 68-year-old Daniel Gibson—poor, disheveled, unable to walk—was turned away from the emergency room of privately-owned Medical Center Hospital in Butte County, California. Nineteen hours later Gibson died of pneumonia. If he had gotten sick two and a half months earlier, Gibson would have been welcome at Butte County Hospital, where the indigent traditionally were cared for. But the county had closed its hospital on August 23, 1973, and Gibson became the victim of a new and ominous trend in the nation's collapsing public health system.

County hospitals, long maligned for their endless waiting lines, dirty and crowded wards, and rushed and impersonal treatment, are on the way out. And 20 million "medically indigent" Americans, those who fall in the crack between Medicaid and health insurance, have no place to go. These people—the seasonal farmworkers, the black maid who earns $60 a week, the small owner whose business is failing, the warehouse loader out of work six months a year, the single alcoholic ineligible for welfare—are all dependent on public hospitals.

In California alone, 12 out of 50 county hospitals have recently closed or been sold; 10 or more are likely to disappear within a year. Chicago's Cook County Hospital came within a hairsbreadth in 1970 and '71. New York City has initiated plans to close or lease up to 7 of its 18 municipal hospitals. In Florida, Massachusetts, North Carolina and Wisconsin, public hospitals, formerly open to everyone regardless of ability to pay, have gone private.

Last year, Boston's Mayor Kevin White massively cut the budget at Boston City Hospital and eliminated hundreds of jobs. Facing community protests, the Mayor's response was, "Some of you people may have to die."

Like so many other new trends, you can see it best in California. San Diego's county hospital was turned over to the University of California in 1966. Sacramento went the same route in 1973, and Orange County is scheduled to follow. San Francisco is debating a plan to turn its hospital into a quasi-private corporation. In a number of smaller counties—Butte, Colusa, Kings, Madera, Nevada, Santa Cruz, and Solano—hospitals have already closed down. Profit-making companies are now running the former hospitals of Merced and Siskiyou counties. San Mateo County plans to close its hospital this year. And every other county has tightened up bill collecting, and drastically slashed the number of medical services you can get for free. When the dust settles, California's public hospital system will be largely dismantled.

[TWO-CLASS HEALTH CARE]

From the very beginning, America's health care system was based on economic class. The rich and the middle class were attended at home by private physicians, and the destitute were left to the public poorhouses, used much like jails to separate the undesirable and the contagious from society. The poorhouses' descendants were the country's first hospitals—dirty, overcrowded, badly ventilated. Well-to-do patients never used them. In fact, since medicine had little to offer the sick, they were not a place for treatment at all, but a place to die.

The discovery of antisepsis and sterile procedure in the 1840s changed this. At the same time, the development of anesthesia gave hospitals something positive to do: surgery. With these technical advances, hospitals became places the rich wanted to go to, and so when large numbers of new hospitals were built around the turn of the century, most of them were private.

by Elinor Blake and Thomas Bodenheimer

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When the Great Depression of the Thirties threw private hospitals into financial crisis, Blue Cross and commercial health insurance bailed them out. But the poor couldn't afford insurance, so the public hospitals that cared for them still depended on local property taxes. Everybody knows property taxes are regressive, unpopular, and don't tap the country's real concentrations of wealth. They simply never expanded fast enough to keep up with public needs, and since the Thirties, public hospitals have been in a money pinch from which they've never emerged.

Since 1855, county governments in California have been legally responsible for the health care of the poor. The oft-cited law on the books sounds fine: "Every county and every city and county shall relieve and support all incompetent, poor, indigent persons, and those incapacitated by age, disease, or accident, lawfully resident therein, when such persons are not supported and relieved by their relatives or friends, by their own means or by state hospitals or either state or private institutions." But in fact, until recently, county hospitals were open *only* to the medically indigent. Those able to pay were referred to private doctors and private hospitals. This was first established in 1933, when a group of Bakersfield doctors successfully sued Kern County General Hospital for admitting paying patients. In essence, California courts ruled that county hospitals were not to compete with the private ones, but only to fill in the gaps. Doctors' incomes were protected—and public hospitals cut off from a source of much-needed money.

The 1965 Medicaid Law (called Medi-Cal in California) was supposed to provide state and Federal money for the health care of the poor, thus relieving the burden of hard-pressed cities and counties. But for California's counties, it wasn't that simple. First, the counties had to pay a big hunk of the Medi-Cal budget through yearly lump-sum payments to the state. Second, Medi-Cal encouraged patients to gravitate toward private care. This left county hospitals with the poor and unemployed who were ineligible for Medi-Cal.

So in the California legislature, the counties won passage of an all-important clause in the Medi-Cal law: the "county option." The state agreed to pay all expenses for county hospitals above the base year 1964–65. For example, if a county spent $20 million for its hospital in 1964–65 and spent $30 million in 1968–69, the state would pay the additional $10 million. According to Gordon Cumming, former Sacramento county hospital administrator and the law's author, "The county option is the best deal the counties ever got." It meant that the hospitals could buy new equipment and hire new staff, and the state would pick up the tab. The Medi-Cal law also overturned that previous court decision and allowed private patients in county hospitals. For a brief time, everything looked rosy.

[SICK PEOPLE, EMPTY BEDS]

However the dream of Medi-Cal's creators never materialized. Governor Ronald Reagan soon limited county options funds so severely that hospitals were never able to make the improvements they had hoped for. And then Reagan ushered in the Seventies by appointing head of Medi-Cal a young, 29-year-old ex-flight surgeon and Vietnam hero by the name of Earl Brian, Jr. To celebrate his first day on the job, Brian announced a package of devastating Medi-Cal cutbacks. He followed up with more radical cuts in December, and masterminded a new restrictive Medi-Cal law in October 1971. Glorified as the "Medi-Cal Reform Act," this law spelled doom for county hospitals.

Although it placed more people on Medi-Cal, the Reform Act at the same time abolished the county option, made counties give more to the Medi-Cal budget, and gave their hospitals back less. Los Angeles County, for example, suddenly found itself having to pay over ten million extra dollars—ten percent of its county hospital's budget. Since hospital costs are shooting up rapidly, the renewed burden is a heavy one. More than anything else, this shift back to local support has made county governments anxious to get rid of their hospitals.

As a reward for his labors, Brian, at age 32, was promoted to be California's Health and Welfare Secretary, controlling two-thirds of the state budget. Now a national figure, he came close to gaining the top health job in Nixon's 1973 cutback-minded Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Reagan is pushing Brian to run for senator this year against Democrat Alan Cranston.

But Brian will get no votes from anybody who cares about public health care. A strong backer of private profit-making corporations taking over health care, Brian has been calling for county hospitals to go out of business, terming them "inefficient." One embattled county hospital administrator says wryly, "When California's county hospitals finally all close, we should collect the dead bodies and dump them in Earl Brian's office."

When Brian's Medi-Cal Reform Act forced counties to foot a bigger bill for their hospitals, the counties found some surprises. Not only had budgets soared, but many hospitals were half-empty. Kern General had a 1971 occupancy rate of 61 percent, Merced General 51 percent, Santa Clara 59 percent, Santa Rosa 42 percent, Fresno 42 percent, Yolo 32 percent, Kings 24 percent.

What on earth was happening? The main thing, it turns out, is that patients are staying in the hospital less time. Some hospitals have sent their chronic patients back home or to nursing homes. Medicare and Medicaid are pressuring hospitals to get patients out, since these programs have to pay the bills. The average length of stay has dropped dramatically in some county hospitals; San Francisco's fell from 13.2 to 7.1 days in nine years.

The same thing is happening to private hospitals. On May 10, 1971, the *San Francisco Chronicle's* front page proclaimed an "Empty-Bed Crisis for SF Hospitals." The article could have been written in Boston, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Seattle or Denver. Everywhere the length of stay is dropping, as is the number of people admitted.

But there is another curious factor behind the crisis in private hospitals: there are too many of them. There was a great wave of private hospital building in the 1960s, far more than the country needed. According to the *Wall Street Journal* (November 2, 1971), "The number of beds in general-care hospitals has grown about three times faster than

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the nation's population," shooting up 33 percent from 1960 to 1971. Even the former executive director of the American Hospital Association, the private hospitals' own lobbying group, said "There are too many hospital beds in this country, although the Assocation would never want me to say so publicly."

Private hospitals have always exploited their public counterparts. In the past, when they have had plenty of patients, they have taken the ones who could pay, and sent non-paying and "undesirable" patients to public hospitals. This patient dumping has reached enormous proportions; in Chicago, 18,000 emergency patients were refused admission to private hospitals in 1970. The more fortunate ended up at Cook County Hospital; the unlucky—at least 50 people—died in the course of transfer.

With the empty beds now in private hospitals, however, the relationship may be reversed. Rather than using public hospitals to dump non-paying patients, private hospitals are looking to them as a source of money. There is tension between a private hospital's wish for more paying patients and its desire to pick and choose which patients are cared for. In California, some private hospitals are getting out of this dilemma by pressuring county governments to close most or all of their hospitals and to contract with the privates instead for the care of the poor. But the poor are still going to lose.

[SIX WAYS TO KILL COUNTY HOSPITALS]

With climbing costs and empty beds, public hospitals have become a burden that California counties would like to get rid of. There are several ways this can be effectively done, ways which have been tried in various parts of the country. California is doing them all:

• **Closing Down:** Madera County, in the heart of the agricultural Central Valley, is one of California's poorest. Yet in 1972 the Board of Supervisors closed down the county hospital, declaring, astoundingly, that the county no longer had medical indigents. It was a bit like the proposal once advanced that the U.S. should get out of Vietnam by declaring the war had been won.

About the same time, the new private Madera Community Hospital opened across town, but patients without money or insurance were turned away. In fact Madera Community Hospital actually put patients in ambulances and sent them 25 miles south, across county lines, to a public hospital in Fresno. Madera patients even showed up at Merced General Hospital, 30 miles to the north, prompting Jay Akin, Merced's administrator, to suggest that "Someone ought to sue the hell out of them."

In Tulare County, south of Fresno, the hospital is in limbo. Tulare's Board of Supervisors wanted to close the

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hospital on February 1, 1973. But in late 1972 hundreds of people stormed a Board meeting to demand the hospital remain open. They presented a petition with several thousand signatures. In response the Supervisors waffled by doing what besieged politicians always do: they created a committee to study the situation. However they did not commit themselves to improving the hospital's inadequate services, and its fate is uncertain.

Next-door Kings General Hospital was closed in Summer 1973. Dr. Paul Murphy, the hospital's retired medical director, suspects that a private hospital played a role: "Sacred Heart wants the county's money but they don't want the county's patients soiling up their marble floors. They're making the laundry into an out-patient clinic, building little cubicles, you know. They'll have the poor patients go in and out through the back door." And Santa Cruz County, 100 miles south of San Francisco, closed its new $2.5 million hospital in July 1973, just five years after it was built.

• **Contracting Out:** Another way to close a county hospital is to do it in pieces. One of the chief guises for this is called "contracting out"—whereby counties make agreements with private hospitals to take county hospital patients.

In Los Angeles County, contracting out is a hot issue. The county already does it to some extent, but the privates want more patients for their empty beds, and, more important, want the county to guarantee that patients who don't have Medicaid or Medicare will be covered. It's the old story: paying patients or no patients. Dr. John Affeldt, the county's Medical Director, is apprehensive, "Privates will pick and choose patients and reject those they don't want. It could destroy the basic core of the county hospitals. We'll lose our staff and deteriorate. You can destroy the county hospitals little by little and you'll never be able to get them back." However County Health Services Director Liston Witherill claims that total contracting out is many years away because "the county has no money to pay the privates."

Though ideal for private hospitals, contracting out is a problem for money-starved county governments. The private sector is far more expensive than public hospitals, and counties just aren't going to pay for everyone. Again, the poor are squeezed out.

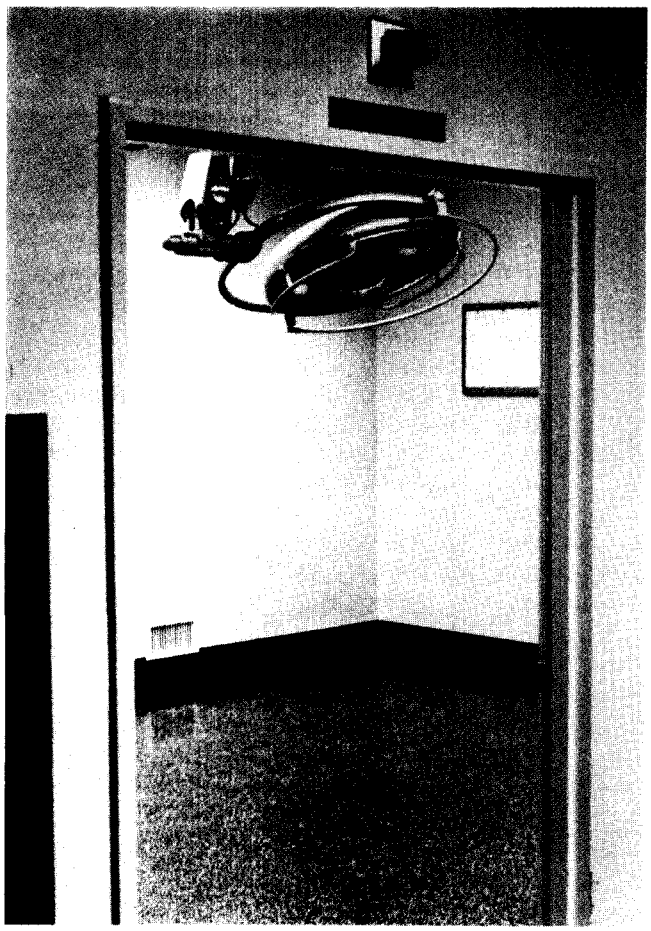
• **Medical School Transfers:** If you've ever been a public hospital patient, you've probably seen doctors going from bed to bed through your ward, stopping at the interesting cases, followed by groups of medical students. Medical schools have traditionally affiliated with county hospitals: the school provides doctors, and the county supplies the hospital, the staff, and the patients. Although the medical school controls how the patients are treated, it doesn't have to worry about paying for it.

But now things are changing. In San Diego and Sacramento, the University of California is taking over the entire operation of those counties' hospitals. And in both cases, the major reason was the county's desire to get out of the hospital business.

The San Diego transfer took place in 1965, but no one has yet made any provisions for the medically indigent, many of them Mexican-Americans, up to at least ten percent of the county's 1.3 million people. Some patients are simply turned away. Others receive care but are unable to pay the bill. But untold numbers are intimidated and never seek care in the first place. An assistant administrator at University Hospital explains that even on emergency admissions, "We negotiate with the patient about how he'll pay." If he doesn't pay within six months to a year, the bill is sent to a collection agency. According to the former county hospital administrator, Dr. W. W. Stadel, the University handles patients "like any other private hospital, making some arrangement for payment. Before Medi-Cal, many private hospitals took some charity cases; now no hospitals do. Those patients are in worse shape than five or ten years ago."

Even though people are treated like private patients when it comes to paying the bill, they don't feel like private patients when they are getting medical care. Almost everyone who goes to University Hospital continues to call it "county hospital." Waiting lines are still long; it takes three weeks to get appointments in the clinics; and patients don't have a personal physician but go to several of the 57 specialty clinics. It is still assembly-line medicine. There is still a two-class medical system, and University Hospital is the one for the poor.

The main problem with Sacramento Medical Center (the county hospital) was that no one wanted to run it. From 1966 through 1973, the nearby medical school of the Uni-



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versity of California at Davis had a traditional affiliation with the Center, of the you-provide-the-patients-and-money, we-provide-the-doctors nature. By 1970, however, Administrator Gordon Cumming, anticipating the death of the county option, approached the University about taking over the hospital entirely. But the last thing Davis Dean C. J. Tupper wanted was to run the county hospital in Sacramento. Tupper and his research-minded faculty had been hoping for a superspecialty hospital on the Davis campus. Not only was the Sacramento Medical Center a long drive from the Davis campus but the hospital's image would attract poor people, not specialized private cases from all over the region. But Administrator Cumming had other ideas.

On November 30, 1971, the Board of Supervisors gave notice that its affiliation agreement with the University would be cancelled in one year. The University had two choices: either take over the hospital or leave. Fearing financial headaches for the county, Cumming's posture had been "We'd better kick the University out on the street. They can pack their microscopes and set them up on the curb." While Cummings never really intended to throw the University out, the medical school, with no other teaching facility, couldn't take any chances. So the University agreed to take over a hospital that Dean Tupper claims it didn't really want.

The potential conflict was resolved—at the expense of poor patients. More than 15 percent of the hospital's patients are unable to pay their bills, and in the past the county wrote them off. But a March 1972 document, part of the transfer arrangement, states that "the University would reserve the right to refuse care to any patients, particularly to patients the cost of whose care is not guaranteed by the county." And University of California Vice-Chancellor Elmer Learn admitted, "We're going to have to operate pretty much like a private hospital; if a patient can't pay he won't be admitted." He added regretfully, "Patients may have to sell their homes to pay for care. We can't deprive a student of his education to finance a patient who can't pay." Since the transfer, non-emergency patients are required to place a cash deposit before admission. There will soon be cash registers in the emergency room.

• **Private Takeovers:** Siskiyou County, on the Oregon border, is sometimes called California's Appalachia. With its closed down mines, scattered wooden shacks and abandoned cars, it could be eastern Kentucky. In 1968, the county board of supervisors leased its hospital to a non-profit corporation controlled by some of the hospital's doctors. Oddly enough, the hospital had begun making a profit for the county the year before the lease. The doctors then contracted with Beverly Enterprises, a Los Angeles profit-making hospital chain, to manage the hospital. Rumors are rife that the doctors hold stock in Beverly. Beverly receives $75,000 per year in pure profit from the hospital, and is said to extract another $150,000 from the exploited county

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through its nursing home, Beverly Manor. And the county is required to perform major repairs on the hospital: $40,000 last year and an expected $50,000 next.

The hospital is widely feared and disliked. Many people will go 50 miles north or south to get treatment elsewhere. There are dozens of examples of patients waiting for hours in the emergency room for a doctor to arrive, and of dangerous and unnecessary surgery performed for money. One county resident observes: "There are plenty of medically indigent people here. They know that treatment at the hospital costs them a lot of money. So they don't go until they absolutely have to."

Four hundred miles to the south, Merced County has just signed a similar management contract with National Medical Enterprises, another profit-making hospital chain.

• **Hospital Corporations:** San Francisco, also anxious to separate its hospital from city/county government, is debating another scheme, the quasi-public corporation. Under this plan, a corporation is formed with directors appointed by city or county government, and that corporation runs the hospital with money from Medicare, Medicaid, private insurance and a contribution from the city for its medically indigent. San Francisco has spent thousands of dollars on a feasability study—ironically, since everyone regards the model for the corporation idea, New York City, as a failure. Even the blue ribbon State Study Commission for New York City concluded in 1973 that the corporation has made "no substantial progress in improving patient care" since it started three years ago. Top administrators at the corporation's hospitals warn that things are worse than ever. And New York City's financial contribution to the corporation has dwindled so much that the corporation is suing the city for more money.

Since San Francisco General is the only county hospital in California which still provides absolutely free care without bills to significant numbers of poor people, the possibility of a corporation takeover—with its inevitably strict billing and collection practices—is especially pernicious.

• **Tighter Billing:** Free health care—an idea on the rise around the world—is dying in California. In 1957, only 20 out of 47 county hospitals sent bills to all patients however rich or poor; the others only billed patients with incomes above a certain level. But by 1960, a new technique was used: In all but ten counties, new patients were required to sign a property lien. The lien stipulated that, if the patient's house or other property were sold either before or after the patient's death, the county would collect the hospital bill out of any money earned from the sale. The hospitals never were able to collect much from this procedure, because collection from people totally unable to pay does not stand up in court. Moreover, many who signed property liens had no property in the first place.

But in recent years, some county hospitals in California have begun to act more like privates in their billing. Los Angeles County, with 35 percent of California's population, is an example. In the 1950s Los Angeles sent bills only to people above a certain income level. The level was usually determined by an eligibility worker, based on diagnosis, cost of care and the patient's resources. Following Medi-Cal, however, Los Angeles County began to bill everyone and is now studying methods to do so more efficiently. That means gearing up the county collection agency.

[WHAT'S TO BE DONE?]

Despite its flaws, the public health care system should be preserved and strengthened. Those 20 million people without Medicare, Medicaid, or private health insurance depend on public hospitals and simply cannot afford private care. Erosion of Medicare and Medicaid programs is continuing, and a truly comprehensive national health insurance law is many years away. Moreover, private hospitals, immune from public pressure, have a history of refusing "undesirable" patients—alcoholics, drug addicts, and the chronically ill—even if they have Medicaid cards. The privates have done this whether or not a public hospital exists in the area. There is little reason to believe that they will change.

Had the 1966 Medi-Cal tax money been used to improve the county hospitals, there would now be new buildings, adequate staff, high occupancy rates, and decentralized outpatient care in neighborhood clinics. Instead, money went to the private sector to care for the poor, supposedly making the public system unnecessary. The result? Private doctors, nursing homes and hospitals extracted every cent they could from Medi-Cal, inflating prices 250 percent in six years. Private hospitals used the money to grossly overbuild, creating white elephant buildings with empty beds. Now the counties are bearing the brunt of the private sector's greed. Not only must they care for the many and expensive rejects from private care, but they have less state and federal money to do so. In self-defense, counties are billing people who can't possibly pay, or, alternatively, are getting out of the hospital business altogether.

Private hospitals have always been richer than the public ones. From the beginning, they have had contributions from rich churches or philanthropists, with private doctors to admit paying patients. It is the usual up-or-down spiral characteristic of an economic system based on private capital: institutions and individuals who start out with money can always attract more money, whereas those without money remain impoverished.

As long as a small, underfinanced public system coexists with a large, wealthy, private one, there will be competition for paying patients, doctors, money and power. And the private system will win. Thus the struggle to preserve the public system is more than the preservation of a rundown, half-empty, understaffed city or county hospital. It means fighting to divert resources from private to public control. It means attacking private hospitals when they take public money but leave behind the public responsibility to care for everyone. Eventually it means forcing the new, well-staffed local private hospital to become public. ■

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Photographs taken at Santa Cruz County Hospital

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A Conversation with Jean-Paul Sartre

It took me thirty years," Sartre observed in 1963, "to get rid of my idealism." In the context in which they were spoken, the words reflect a philosophic, rather than a political, struggle, an emancipation from the limits of Hegelian reason. But Sartre's words apply with equal force today to his politics.

Jean Paul Sartre, age 67, is a man many Americans still see as the embodiment of existentialism, of the lonely, isolated individual set tragically against the forces of the world and time. But Sartre, in that limited sense, long ago ceased being an existentialist. In World War II, he engaged in a lonely and dangerous struggle against the German occupation. After the war, deciding that the acts of individuals alone are not enough, he announced his commitment to the group struggle by joining the French Communist Party.

When Sartre renounced his membership in the Party following the 1956 invasion of Hungary, those who had been discomfited by his allegiance felt vindicated. Raymond Aron and other Cold War critics announced his departure as the death of the mini-renascence the party had begun to enjoy. But for Sartre, a return to individualism and the unsatisfactory alliance of liberalism and capitalism was unsatisfactory and temporary. He chose to remain a marxist, rather than returning to existentialism. As the war in Algeria intensified, he openly denounced the passivity of the French public, and in particular the venal—and self-serving—behavior of the French Left.

As America assumed France's role in Indochina in the early Sixties, Sartre turned his attention toward it as well, speaking, writing, leading demonstrations throughout the decade, culminating his opposition by co-chairing the Bertrand Russell War Tribunal. Then, during and following the events of May 1968, Sartre refocused the powers of his intellect and prestige on Gaullist France. Out of that new resistance has come his directorship of two small, but vocal, Maoist newspapers, *La Cause du Peuple* and *Libération.*

To imagine the Sartre of *Nausea* or *No Exit* as a Maoist—or dogmatist of any kind—seems impossible; but as he explains in the following interview, the appearance belies a more complex view of the roles of both intellect and resistance. Sartre at first agreed to accept directorship of the two small papers, not because he shared their view of the world, but because of a belief in their inherent right to be heard. French officialdom has never thought highly of freedom of the press (and has, in fact, converted French television into a Gaullist mouthpiece). Sartre saw his commitment to the Maoists initially only as a guarantee—because of his personal stature—that these two journals would not go the way of their predecessors.

Starting with that early limited commitment, Sartre goes on to explain how and why his politics have moved closer to a Maoist interpretation of social change, all the while maintaining that independence which is the Sartrian hallmark. He acknowledges remaining a classic intellectual ("at 67, I cannot go to work in a factory") and explains why he chose to work on a philosophic biography of Flaubert, rather than turning his talents exclusively to the tasks of political organizing. Yet he does nothing to hide his disdain for those intellectuals who retain their faith in incremental change and bourgeois democracy, a disdain he expands on in his own Journal, *Les Temps Modernes,* in an article bitterly entitled: "Elections—A Trap for Assholes."

Sartre may still be an existentialist, but it is an existentialism of his own making. If tragedy and isolation are the condition of man, they are not any longer the excuse for surrender, but reason for combat. To merely accept the condition of mankind is to be less than human. In his own struggle to overcome "idealism," Sartre has forged a deeper understanding of idealism, and the practical, coldly realistic decisions that underlie it. He has more years to live, and one cannot accept what he says today—or any day—as Sartre's last word, whether on politics, philosophy or life. But what follows testifies to the continuing development of one of the most fecund minds of our age.

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Q. *You have been Director of* La Cause du Peuple *now for over two years. You have sold the paper on the street and contributed militant articles to it. Now you are working on the new daily,* Libération. *And you have taken part in a great number of the Maoists' meetings and actions. One gets the feeling from all this that you are closer to the Maoists, more committed to them, than you ever were to the French Communist Party or liberation movements like the Algerian NLF. How would you account for this? Was this commitment immediate or gradual?*

A. I agreed to become Director of *La Cause du Peuple* after the arrest of its two previous editors in the spring of 1970. The Maoists felt at that time that their base was not strong enough to sustain the clandestine existence to which the government was seeking to confine them. Faced with trials and repression, they came to me for help. This was a new attitude for them, incidentally. Up until then they had taken no interest in intellectuals or in the ways intellectuals might be useful. Now, despite their suspicions of the intellectual-star-system, they were calling upon a well-known intellectual to ward off the blows of [Interior Minister] Marcellin. In fact they were trying to turn the whole notion of the celebrity back against the bourgeoisie. And they were right.

The fact is, in my opinion, that the writer as celebrity has a double identity: he is himself, but he is also something public—a star. Over this second identity he has no control at all unless he can somehow retrieve it and use it in a completely different way. This was what I did in the case of *La Cause du Peuple.*

To begin with, I had made it clear that I was not in agreement with the Maoists, nor they with me. I accepted legal responsibility only—not political. All I did was lend my name as a way of helping the paper carry on publication and the group's militants carry on acting and writing according to their own lights. It was in the same way, with the same understanding, that I agreed to be Director of the Maoist paper *Tout,* and that I testified at the trial of the militants of *Vive la Révolution* and of Roland Castro. Little by little, however, I became more sympathetic to the views of *La Cause du Peuple.*

Q. *So you were in disagreement with the strategy of the Gauche Prolétarienne in 1970—the idea that a new Resistance had to be launched against the bosses (equated with neo-Nazis) and against the revisionists (or neo-collaborators).*

A. I have never gone along with that analysis, and while there may still be traces of it at *La Cause du Peuple,* they have themselves rejected it somewhat. For the last two years the main concern of the comrades at *La Cause du Peuple* has been a genuine adaptation of Maoist strategy to French conditions, not a literal-minded transposition of it. In China the cultural revolution got going only a good while after the taking of power. In the situation we are living through now, it is impossible to copy the Chinese experience or get inspiration from it directly. The Maoists speak readily of an "ideological revolution." They talk in terms of eliminating the working population's fear of capitalist forces—through kidnappings, learning how to resist, how to confront repression, and to overcome the self-restraints inculcated in us by the ruling class.

At the outset I agreed with virtually nothing the Maoists said. I wasn't against them, just apart from them. But gradually they came to ask more from me than legal protection. I met with them many times and links were established. And slowly common ground emerged.

Q. *You have given us very little explanation of this activity of yours. In 1952, in rallying to the support of the Communists, you wrote "The Communists and Peace." In 1956, taking your distance from a CP which supported Soviet intervention in Hungary, you published "The Ghost of Stalin." In the present period, however, you have been limiting yourself to militant articles, an open letter to the President of the Republic, and speeches at meetings. You have apparently broken definitively with the Communist way of thinking—to which you did subscribe by and large, despite your reservations, up until 1965 or 1966. Yet you haven't really ever said why, nor given your reasons for committing yourself to the Maoists.*

A. The posture of solidarity with the Communists that I took up in 1952 was adopted suddenly, as a response to American policy, to the submissiveness of the French government towards imperialism, and above all to the repression of the demonstration against "the Ridgeway Plague." Obviously I had to account for my attitude at that time.

My current positions, however, have been reached much more gradually, as I just said, First of all, in May 1968, like most people, I did not fully grasp the meaning and scope of the movement. Nor did the Maoists, by the way: they immediately left the universities for the factories. They did not then see the significance of a student revolt whose relevance they now acknowledge. For my part I felt like an outsider: one day a star, the next a superannuated veteran. At the Sorbonne, where I went to speak two or three times, my presence caused something of a stir and I got a rather curt reception. I remember a meeting on the situation in the universities, in late 1968 or early 1969. The students and teachers had to decide on a response to the government's proposals on education. As I sat down at the speaker's table I found a note saying:"Sartre, make it short!" I took the point immediately. I was out of the act. The other speakers started out from positions close to mine. But they were living the struggle they were talking about and could make concrete proposals, whereas all I had to offer was a general analysis—which didn't make much sense.

With the ebb-tide of 1969, I felt even more out of things. But in 1970 everything changed. The government's persecution of *La Cause du Peuple* led me to declare myself and in fact to go much further than I had at first imagined I would. A revolutionary movement makes demands, some of which you accept and some of which you reject. But in any case you are drawn along. Especially when the leaders of the movement take external criticism into account if they feel it is justified. The Maoists' theory is embryonic, the movement remains largely empirical—one might almost say experimental. . . .

Today, with *Libération*, we are trying out the idea of a democratic daily whose contributors will be both Maoist and non-Maoist. We are also going to discuss such problems

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as sexuality, the condition of women, daily life—not to mention those problems which create contradictions among the people. . . .

It is clear, for example, that the majority of the working class, whatever the feelings and behavior of specific individuals, is still hostile to some forms of sexual liberation and to homosexuality. You may have heard of the case, a few months ago, in which some workers took one of their comrades who was a homosexual into a garage and blew him up with a pump. The guy died later. *Libération* intends to take a position on these questions in the hope of having a progressive effect on attitudes. The paper is prepared to be unpopular from time to time and it will risk provoking violent reactions or indifference.

We want the whole range of anti-hierarchical and libertarian ideas to find expression in the pages of *Libération,* in the context of a confrontation in which the Maoists' experimental tendency will carry the day over their authoritarian side. Whether *Libération* will become a melting-pot from which new revolutionary syntheses will eventually emerge, I cannot yet say.

Take women's liberation, for example. Only yesterday we had representatives of the French movement (MLF) taking part in an editorial meeting of the paper. The MLF argues that the specifically female dimension of revolutionary struggle has to be defended if we are to avert a classical pattern of events: even where revolutions have been victorious (1789, 1917), sexism has been preserved intact.

So here we have a group made up of working-class women, and some middle-class ones too, who say they are revolutionaries primarily because of the way society treats women. On the other hand, the Maoists' starting point is the class struggle, and they hold that the first priority is a proletarian revolution which will liberate women as one of its consequences. Clearly these are opposing points of view. Could they be reconciled? If the two groups fused in such a way that the Maoists kept the advantage, then the women would represent a minority tendency within a male party. If the women came out ahead, the idea of proletarian revolution would fade into the background in favor of fragmentary anti-authoritarian activities. Or might a new course develop that would take both of these demands into account?

["WE SYMPATHIZE WITH THE COUNTERCULTURE . . .]

Q. *The Maoists have always ignored the youth revolt that has appeared in every industrialized Western country. The underground, the counterculture, the revolution in individual and collective behavior, communes, drugs. And rock music as an international language that bridges the gap between students and young workers both in the U.S. and in Europe.* La Cause du Peuple, *with its exclusively political attitude, takes no notice of any of this. . . .*

A. This was true until 1970, so long as the Maoists conceived of themselves as a strictly political party. But they realized that they were finished if they didn't reconsider their methods and their constituency.

We sympathize with the underground and the counterculture, but it is dubious whether their every manifestation has something positive to contribute to our quest. There are tendencies in the counterculture which reject or discourage action, and for these I can't see any use.

Q. *What do you think of the increasing use of marijuana?*

A. So far as the individual is concerned, it seems to me rather unimportant. I have smoked it on occasion. All I got out of it was a feeling of numbness and a few odd, though limited, sensations. Everyone has the right to do as he pleases; the State should have no jurisdiction whatsoever in this area. Even in the case of heroin, which unlike the hallucinogens is truly dangerous, what right has the law to prevent people from committing suicide? What I am interested in here, however, is whether or not hallucinogens tend to demobilize militants. Of course I know that the Weathermen used to smoke between one action and the next as a way of relaxing. But when I hear people claiming that the use of mindbending drugs is a sufficient affirmation of their freedom, one which dispenses them from action, then I have my doubts.

Q. *What about another trend in the counterculture—ecology?*

A. That is another aspect of the inquiry we are hoping to undertake with *Libération.* I don't believe that a post-revolutionary society could be a society based on growth. Such a society would produce for mankind, naturally, but it would not seek to produce more and more, better and cheaper. Without regressing, it would profoundly transform the nature of the commodity and the mode of its production, eliminating luxury goods and dangerous products and seeking to restore a human and ecological balance. In the industrial countries there is no necessity to increase production in order to satisfy needs. All that is called for is the elimination of profit and waste, a change in the overall goals of the economy and a redistribution of wealth. Socialism alone can furnish such a solution, and then only on condition that it is a socialism unconfined by the productivism and centralism that characterize the Soviet model.

Q. *China is not immune either. The Chinese magazines that we see in the West exalt machines, growth, industrialization. While this seems legitimate enough for a nation that is only just emerging from poverty, it doesn't provide us with a radically different model of development.*

A. It is not so simple. The construction of small factories within rural communes seems like an interesting experiment to me. It is an original way of breaking down the division of labor and limiting the spread of cities and pollution.

Q. *Well, how do you assess the political situation in China since the Cultural Revolution and the exit of Lin Piao?*

A. Order has returned to China and the Party is at the helm. This was to be expected: the Cultural Revolution was made by the base, but the action of the masses were legitimated and controlled by a segment of the Party apparatus. Once the way had been cleared for the restoration of Mao's power, the movement was halted by calling in the Army and then reorganizing the Party.

Externally, however, China abandoned its strictly internationalist policy of assisting all revolutionary movements

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wherever they might be in favor of a policy governed by the interests of the Chinese State—in favor, that is, of big-power politics. This was obvious in Ceylon and Pakistan when Chinese diplomacy aligned itself with established governments, not popular insurrections.

Q. *Even during the Cultural Revolution, the Chinese leaders never publicly discussed the principal options over which they were at loggerheads. Aside from some belated and fragmentary details, we are still in the dark as to the substance of the debate between Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and Lin Piao. Do we even know whether Lin Piao was eliminated because he was the leader of an over-ambitious Army or because he represented the Left?*

A. Very likely both. There can be no doubt that Lin Piao's disappearance signalled a step backwards. Some day, perhaps, the movement will start up again. As the slogans of the period put it, a whole series of cultural revolutions are going to be needed.

["REVOLUTION IMPLIES VIOLENCE . . ."]

Q. *Do you think a revolution is possible in France in the near or forseeable future?*

A. Ten years ago I didn't think so at all. Now I do, yes. Capitalism and its institutions are in such a degenerate state that a revolution seems very feasible. Whether it would be able to hold out against hostility from other countries, I don't know. Soviet Russia managed to survive and develop in the teeth of famine and blockade. But Russia was an immense and predominantly agricultural country. It is hard to see how a nation such as present-day France could be self-sufficient in spite of internal counter-revolution and pressure from abroad.

Incidentally, this brings us to a more general problem. There is still no marxist theory of the revolution and of the revolutionary State in a developed country. A long time ago—even before World War II—I came to the conclusion that the French Communist Party did not really want a revolution; this was obvious from the fact that they had never attempted any serious study of what would happen if they did take power. In my opinion, this ideological and scientific task should be given top priority by present-day revolutionaries even if it must still be carried out by specialists and intellectuals.

Q. *Are you in favor of a political death penalty for those who oppose the revolution?*

A. Yes. After a revolution, in a country where the bourgeoisie has been dislodged from power, bourgeois who foment riots or who plot deserve the death penalty. Not that I would feel any anger towards such people. It is only natural that reactionaries should act out of self-interest. But a revolutionary has to get rid of a certain number of individuals who threaten it, and I can see no other solution than that of putting them to death; people can always get out of a prison. The revolutionaries of 1793 probably didn't kill enough—thus unintentionally hastening the return to order, and ultimately the Restoration.

Q. *I would say just the opposite: that they killed too many people. No revolution has yet managed to draw a clear line between counter-revolutionary machinations and political opposition. This is quite clear from the whole history of French and Russian revolutions: repression of reaction very quickly becomes a pretext for killing those who, in the heat of sectarian struggle, seem the most dangerous of all—i.e., other revolutionaries with whom one is in disagreement. This was what happened in France in 1793, in the Russia of the Moscow trials, in the Spanish Civil War when the Communists massacred the Anarchists. Once unleashed, the Terror draws no distinctions: people strike at their immediate neighbor, partisans eliminate one another, and democratic debate disappears. Eventually the revolution destroys itself, leaving the road open to Thermidorian reaction, Stalinist oppression, or fascism. . .*

A. I am opposed, naturally, to anything resembling the Moscow Trials. But revolution implies violence and the existence of a more radical party which imposes its will to the detriment of other more conciliatory groups. Can one conceive of Algerian independence achieved without the NLF's elimination of the MNA? And how could one have objected to the NLF's violent methods when for years it had had to face the day-to-day repression of the French army, its tortures and massacres? It is inevitable that the revolutionary party should end up by striking down some of its own. I consider this to be a historical necessity about which we can do nothing. Show me a way around it and I'll support such a course without hesitation. But I don't see one.

Q. *Why does one have to come down so definitely on this? Can't the problem be raised before the revolution in the hope of trying to avoid this development?*

A. That wouldn't do much good. During a revolution everyone's actions are determined by the revolution itself. The most one could hope for would be the emergence of heroes capable of interceding to maintain respect for democratic debate between the revolutionary forces and keep discussion free and open. This is the most one can say, the most one can hope for.

["I AM STILL AN INTELLECTUAL . . ."]

Q. *Let's come now to your activity as a writer. In less than five years, the old idiom of Marxist orthodoxy, which has left its mark on all of us, and within the confines of which you have struggled for a good part of your life, has finally broken down. Revolutionary analysis and discussion are re-emerging from 50 years of rote and paralysis. A new thinking has evolved. I am not referring only to Marcuse, Foucault or Deleuze, but more especially to the thousands of people, whether activists or not, who have suddenly evinced an interest in a theoretical debate which had hitherto been the preserve of a few hundred specialists. The best elements of Marxism have been kept, but there are also new ideas: anti-psychiatry, a reinterpretation of the basic notions of ethnology and anthropology, and so on.*

In 1952 you published Saint Genet, *a prophetic book in which you were already concerned, through the lens of social analysis and of a specific conception of psychoanalysis, with problems that have come to concern us more directly in the last couple of years: delinquency, prison, homosexuality, manufactured moral and social values. Today, however, you seem to have withdrawn from this area of debate and taken two other directions. On the one*

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hand you have committed yourself to political activism, and on the other hand you have your work on Flaubert. Now, however interesting this study of yours may be, the fact remains that Flaubert is a 19th Century author.

A. I don't think it is true that I am uninvolved in the debate you mention, and my books on Flaubert are meant to contribute to it after their fashion. They do so in the first place by virtue of the basic question I am trying to ask: In the present state of our knowledge, what can we know about a man? If I succeed in answering this question in the case of Flaubert, I will have developed a method going far beyond the specific situation of this particular 19th Century man.

Q. *But take the life of Paul Nizan, for instance. Nizan was your friend, so you are better placed to speak of him than of Flaubert. Nizan's life also raises the problem of man's relation to history and the writer's to society. And Nizan's problem is still our problem: Here we have a revolutionary intellectual and writer who cried out in revolt and asserted his freedom, who committed himself to militant action only to be devoured by Communism. Concealed behind his ideas, his struggle, and thanks to them, Stalinism was constructing its apparatus, its Terror and, basically, abandoning the revolutionary project. This alienation, which is the worst imaginable kind, has been the lot of generations of intellectuals and activists. It is probably not restricted to Stalinism: we still experience it on other levels. If we are seeking to safeguard our future action, isn't there an analysis to be made here—a preliminary question to settle? In other words, why Flaubert and not Nizan?*

A. What interests me in Flaubert is the very fact that he refused to go the whole way. He championed the notion of bourgeois aristocracy and took his stand against the 1848 insurrection, against democracy. I try to show why he acted in this way, on the basis of his childhood, of his family, of history; and how he opted for the imagination, for his alienation. The method I use ought to be applicable in other analyses, and that seems to me as important as trying to come to grips with the anti-hierarchical and libertarian movement we have been talking about.

When you speak of Nizan you seem to think that having known him personally gives me a special vantage-point. That is not so. Real relationships with people do of course involve some measure of communication. But such communication is never total: it is distorted by magic. You have to abstract yourself from this magic (man is a magician for man, etc.), and approach the individual subject studied on the basis of documents and testimony just as if you had never known him. Or better, let's say that you have to treat your feelings and intuitions in your relationship with him as one testimony among others, as your own particular testimony. This still leaves the problem of the intellectual as we see him today—but going back to Nizan won't help us here.

In my opinion there are two kinds of intellectual. There is the classical type, who lives out the contradiction between the universal and the particular. And there is the new type, who is no longer interested in wearing his consciousness like a scarf and puts himself to the test by working in a factory. A case in point is a friend of mine, formerly an electrician, who studied for his baccalaureate at home and is now about to qualify as a philosophy teacher. Instead of relating the knowledge he acquires solely to his subjective consciousness, he relates it to his life as a worker and to his trade. I think he represents a new species of intellectual, a species which tends—somewhat as in China—to abolish the division of labor imposed by capitalism. But at 67 years of age I am not about to go and work in a factory. I am still a traditional intellectual, and I write about Flaubert.

On the other hand, being aware of the urgency of the present situation, I take part in the political movement and contribute to *La Cause du Peuple.* I do not see it as my role here to hand out advice or put forward any *ex-cathedra* truths. That is no longer the intellectual's role. The Maoists have grasped this and I agree with them: you don't have ideas all by yourself; the truth comes from the people. It is no longer a matter of bringing ideas to the masses; you have to go to the heart of the masses and then, if they agree, seek to give clearer expression to their ideas, always keeping in step with the movement. In *Libération,* for instance, I might put forward a view that was everybody's, as well as being mine, but I wouldn't dream of writing a book laying down the correct course of action. As for analyzing or theorizing upon the present situation, as you ask me to, I don't feel that the period lends itself to this. The current movement is vast and contradictory. To explain why the Maoists exist, why we have women's liberation, or what their relationship might be, would take years of work—which doesn't make much sense in such a volatile situation.

Q. *What is your view on elections? Did you vote?*

A. I did not vote. Universal suffrage is designed to separate the workers, to smash class solidarity. The isolated individual relinquishes his ballot with neither control nor guarantee. Here is my sovereignty—he says in effect—do with it what you will; maybe you'll stand by your electoral promises, maybe not. I voted for Guy Mollet in 1956, fondly believing I was casting my ballot for peace in Algeria. I got a rude surprise. The only kind of democracy I can conceive of is direct democracy: assemblies, voting by a show of hands, and investing a delegate from the ranks with strictly defined powers. Such an elected delegate is not the representative of the assembly itself; it just so happens that he is the one mandated to go to the boss, say, and present the workers' demands—merely because it is not practical for a couple of thousand people to go *en masse.* But he remains answerable and revocable at all times. If, on the other hand, you vote in the hope of replacing Messmer [Gaullist] by Marchais [Communist], as the outcome of an electoral race in which the contestants are necessarily much of a muchness, then obviously all you will achieve in effect, whatever the result, is to replace Messmer by Messmer. . . .

You should not enter the system. Voting—whomever you vote for—is voting for suffrage, for existing institutions. How could legal activity (like the CP's, for instance) ever overturn the law? It would have to go against its own nature—an absurd and therefore quite unlikely *volte-face.* This is one of the reasons why I was attracted to the Maoists: I believe in illegality. ■

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Guru Maharaj Ji

Bill Clough/Gamma

Over the Hill at 16

"Go Go, Go said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality."
–T. S. Eliot, *Burnt Norton*

"Either Guru Maharaj Ji is for real, or he's the biggest fraud of all time."
–Rennie Davis

Walking down the plane ramp, it suddenly hits me that this is Houston, capital of 20th Century Texas, nerve center of space exploration, and home of the Astrodome. Its builders designed this Eighth Wonder of the World as a temple for football, baseball and conventions. But its true purpose, as Rennie Davis and the others in the Divine Light Mission have proclaimed, is to be the launching pad for the 16-year-old Messiah from India, Guru Maharaj Ji. For three days it will contain the first God-in-the-Flesh in 1,973 years: Millenium '73.

"Hurry up, brother, Guru Maharaj Ji's gonna be on nationwide TV at midnight," frantically motions one devotee, his eyes big as a sacred cow's. A thick semicircle gathers around the portable TV outside the Delta Airlines satellite, and as the Gillette commercial fades and the corpulent figure swathed in satin appears, the battlecry of the believers erupts. "Boliya Shri Satgurudev Maharaj Ki Jai!" pierces the airport hum, startling several middle-aged baggage-claimers and travellers.

"Guru," the terribly earnest NBC interviewer is saying, "If you don't mind me asking, do you have the same problems, the same likes and dislikes, of a typical child your age?" Guffaws around me. The God-head answers in a bland, bored monotone. "See, people of all ages are looking for perfection." Then, adds, with an imperious flick of the royal wrist, "But I *have* it."

The flashing lights of incoming planes brings to mind the previous week in Chicago, where Rennie Davis and his six co-defendants from the Chicago 7 were on trial once again for their contempt citations handed down four years ago by

by Ken Kelley

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Judge Julius Hoffman. But Rennie was painting a scenario far removed from the courtroom ennui.

"I tell you, when those flying saucers land, this whole universe is gonna stand up and take notice that the Lord has come," he had announced to his bewildered former comrades, in the high-pitched squeal that characterizes premie-talk. "There are a couple of premies [A premie is a Guru devotee; the word is taken from the Hindi for "lover."] whose souls have been taken over by the spirit of the UFOs, and we know now that they are Venutians. Through them we have learned that the UFOs consider Guru Maharaj Ji to be master of not just the human race, but literally of the whole universe. The Venutians say they are finally going to land and openly identify themselves, now that people are receiving Guru Maharaj Ji's Knowledge. And," he confides, "One woman in Houston is a medium for Lao Tze, through the Ouija Board, and He has told us that 144,000 people will come to Millennium, the number the Book of Revelations says will be on hand for the second coming. That might just be a conservative estimate—I think more like 200,000. Lao Tze also told us that Madame Binh will receive Knowledge along with Tran Van Duong, but that Chairman Mao will die before he has the chance."

The Bantam paperback, "Who Is Guru Maharaj Ji," had just arrived, and Rennie passed it around the defense table. To his co-defendants he inscribed the flyleaf with a line borrowed, ironically, from Herman Kahn: "I know I'm asking you to Think the Unthinkable." And to Tom Hayden, formerly his closest political mentor, but now the most openly hostile to his newfound calling, Rennie added a kicker: "If two years from now this whole thing turns out to be a fraud then we'll laugh about it and be back in each other's arms again as friends." Hayden returned the book.

[THE GURU COMES TO TOWN]

Wednesday afternoon, the day before Millennium's Astrodome opening, 3,000 premies wait eagerly in the merciless Texas sun for the Cessna Cardinal to land and deposit the Perfect Master in their midst. The Divine Light Mission press release has said that twice that number would turn out, but this mis-estimate is minimal given the fact that the cosmos itself seems to have sanctioned the event. The Guru's astrologers say that a grand cross in the sky formed by four planets, a rare occurrence, signifies the galactic obeisance; and the Comet Kahoutek, it is discovered, will appear for the first time in 75,000 years the day after the last Millennium event. (Bal Bhagwan Ji, the Guru's 21-year-old brother and the grey eminence behind the Divine Light Mission, has his own cosmological etymology: "K-O; Knock Out. H-O-U; Houston. T-E-K; Texas. Knock Out Houston, Texas," he told a crew of TV interviewers.)

Suddenly the plane lands, a flower-draped green Rolls Royce pulls up, and the agitated premies let loose with another divine yelp. Mata Ji, the Holy Mother, ascends the makeshift stage, her omnipresent diamond nosepin glittering in the sun, and sits in a white crushed velvet chair slightly below and to the immediate left of The Throne. Brother Bal Bhagwan Ji enters and sits in direct apposition to the right of The Throne. Then Bhole Ji, 20, who has charge of the 40-80 piece (depending on the press release) cosmic orchestra, Blue Aquarius, sits next to Bal Bhagwan Ji, followed in the divine pecking order by Raja Ji, 19, who does nothing. With the exception of Bal Bhagwan Ji, the entire Holy Family sits sweating plumply in the 95 percent humidity like the before-pictures in a Weight Watchers ad. Finally, the Kid himself emerges and waddles to his posh gold velvet Throne, waves his arms Nixon-style, and speaks for five minutes: "Well, I think this is just going to be fantastic. People are going to discover *who* God is, and I think it's about time people know *who* God is." All around premies are swooning. (Being in the presence of any member of the Holy Family is considered a holy experience called *darshan.* Being in the presence of the entire Holy Family is the royal flush of *darshan.*) Several break down in tears and utter throaty sobs in the arms of their friends.

Rennie Davis enters and sits on the floor between Guru Maharaj Ji and Bal Bhagwan Ji. Bowing and kissing the feet of any Holy Family member is called *prenoming,* and Rennie has it down to a fine art by now. After placing a golden-flowered lei under one of Guru Maharaj Ji's divine chins, Rennie dives to the divine toes, kisses them, and in the flick of an eye does a double-jacknife over to Bal Bhagwan Ji, where he repeats the magic buss. "Boy was I blissed out," he tells me as we ride back to the Astrodome together, and he describes the experience of sitting between the Holy Siblings.

By the next day it's obvious that this Godathon will disappoint those who had been predicting for the last few months that it would wash over America's youth and fill their cosmic hunger for belief. At the noontime opening ceremonies, fewer than 7,000 followers have swarmed onto the Astroturf; the stands are virtually empty. Rennie has predicted that Walter Cronkite would cover this millennial event live over CBS; but instead there is a cynical Paul Krassner and the equally iconoclastic staff of the local Pacifica radio station, KPFT. A dozen jumbojets were supposed to transport 10,000 of the faithful from India; fewer than 100 managed to straggle in. A religious exposition delineating all the world's major religions was to have been shown in the adjoining Astrohall; but ecumenism is represented only by contingents of Hare Krishnas and Jesus Freaks trying to outdo each other in the vehemence of their anti-Guru arguments.

"Why are you so opposed to Guru Maharaj Ji?" one young premie woman innocently inquires of a Krishna at the gate. "Since when does the Supreme Lord recommend that you push in on your eyeballs, plug up your ears, and taste spit, all the while sitting under a blanket, as the proper way to receive Him into your hearts?" snorts the Krishna. The premie is aghast, her face ashen. Not only has he reviled her Lord, but in the process revealed the most sacred of secrets: the Knowledge Session, wherein the Guru instills his devotees with holy divine grace. (The incident makes the next day's *Houston Chronicle.*)

Outside the gates of the Astrodome, the Jesus Freaks are inspired with animate fury—wailing banshees sent to exorcise the Antichrist. "Go Away, go aaawwwaaayyyy, lest ye perish neath the holy fire from the hand of God!" "You're the Devil, you are damned to hell!" "Turn back, before God marks your soul for eternity!"

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Bill Clough/Gamma

Up in the Astrodome press section in the third tier, the fourth estate is turning into a fifth column. The ascerbic comments from 50-odd writers—from the *Washington Post* to the underground press is nearly as harrowing for the premies as assaults from Jesus and Krishna freaks. They are treating the event more as a divine comedy of errors than the greatest event in the history of mankind. And all the premies can do to counter this overt cynicism is to promise a better performance. "There's so much *energy* here—that's what counts, and wait till tonight—the stadium will be full," pleads one premie press liaison. "Yeah, full of empty seats," retorts a jaded journalist. "You really can't judge this until Guru Maharaj Ji himself appears," she persists.

After due pomp and circumstance, the Kid ascends his seven-story-high Throne (it originally was to be 15 stories), amid the tumultuous throbbings of his adoring apostles. The set is striking. The first level of the stage is reserved for the mortal wing of the program; specifically, the American DLM heavies. Next level is the Blue Aquarius platform, and atop it is the section for Mahatmas—the holy dispensers of Divine Knowledge. Crowning the entire stage is, of course, the Holy Family perch. Flanking it are two huge 20-foot-by-20-foot neon Texaco signs, aptly complementing the Guru's flame-shaped Throne. A vibrating rainbow-pattern light show is projected directly above the Throne, topped by an enormous American flag, on either side of which are the Astroscoreboards. The $75,000 tab for the three days for which the DLM rented the Astrodome includes the rights to flash its own blissed-out blandishments on the boards, ranging from quaint quatrains ("Roses are Red, Violets are Blue, Sugar is Sweet . . .") to abstruse passages from the Old Testament. The great bulk of premies cavort on the playing field itself. The stadium's very emptiness adds to the acoustical echo effect, so that when the premies shout the praises of their Master, their decibel level quadruples their numbers.

The first airport address two days earlier had prepared the uninitiate for the fact that, by conventional rhetorical standards, Guru Maharaj Ji is no spellbinder. His Hindu singsong accent and the squeaky vacillations of his prepubescent voice add to his distinct lack of appreciation for dramatic cadence, though he fills his talk with chummy vernacular expletives like ain't, right-on, and far-out. Yet compared to the content of his message, his delivery is hypnotic. He alternates renditions of Brothers Grimm frogs, swans and puppydog tails, and Mother Goose morality with a teenage fascination for cars, cameras, and credit cards, all intertwined in a simpleminded logic designed to prove his divinity.

Cars, particularly, dominate the divine homily—not surprising, since at last count he owns six—mostly Rolls Royces and Lincoln Continentals. In his opening remarks alone, cars appear at least eight times, in a goofy juxtaposition to the fairy tales:

"I am talking about one thing—a car has four tires, and a car runs on four tires. And I can see that car runnin' on four tires. There are cars also run [sic] on three tires, of course—in England they do. People have come from England, they might have seen those cars—very common. But I am talkin' about a car that's right there, it's on four wheels—not five, not six. There is a fifth wheel, but the car is not running on it, it's in the trunk. So there is a basic fact that I have understood. . . ."

The next morning there is a hastily-called press conference the DLM hopes will bolster its image; a little *darshan* for the unrekindled souls of darkness. But the mood moves from bad to worse as it becomes obvious that the room is half-filled with shills from South America who stand up and deliver five-minute questions which are then

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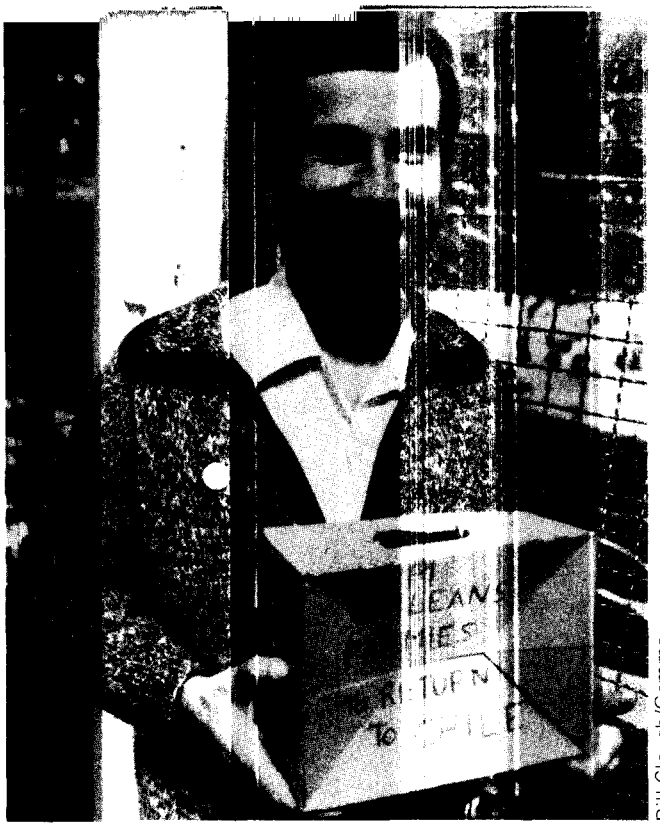
Peter Simon



Bill Clough/Gamma

tediously translated into English: "Guru Maharaj Ji when are you going to visit Argentina where you are recognized by millions as the Lord of the Universe and whose people desperately await your coming and implore your mercy . . ." As it becomes apparent what is happening, the media questions, which begin timidly enough, become jugular, with the Houston contingent in the vanguard. "Guru, when you say you are the Perfect Master, does that mean you have a perfect body, too?" A curt and embarrassed "No" brings a sacrilegious outburst. Since he has mentioned Watergate twice in his public appearances, I ask him if Nixon should be impeached or resign. "I am not a politician; don't ask me about politics," he snaps. "Guru," the woman from a Houston radio station drawls, "If you're so concerned about the poor, why don't you sell one of your Rolls Royces and buy them some food?" He answers, "If I gave them a Rolls Royce, they'd just come back in the afternoon and ask for another one, and I don't have another one to give them." The queries are dismissed with such royal evasiveness and glib hauteur that finally the *Newsweek* man stands and declares that the event reminds him of an early Watergate press conference—"I expect you to announce three weeks from now that all these statements are 'inoperative.' If you're God, I'm an atheist."

On the way back to the Astrodome a premie friend sidles up to me and starts in with some *satsang*. (*Satsang*, "truth-giving" in Hindi, is the process whereby the faithful verbally reinforce and justify their commitment to The Kid among themselves, and try to explain to outsiders why they have given up mind, body and soul to a boy whose divinity seems so well-concealed.) Having traveled on the divine bandwagon for almost eight months researching a book, I have been hit with every variety of *satsang*. It usually begins with a detailed rundown of the abysmally miserable pre-premie life of trying to shoot up everything from airplane glue to coffee grounds in a vain attempt to discover the Meaning of Life. But just before the Last Overdose, a divine coincidence miraculously sweeps the premie into Guru's arms and Instant Bliss.

The next movement in this dramatic form is for the premie to describe the masochistic depths to which he or she would go to grovel at the toes of the Lord, the more self-humiliating the better. The Kid himself dotes on inflicting such punishment; numerous tales abound of him dragging his followers into the mud, pushing them into rivers, and nearly slaughtering them on his motorcycle. (One ecstatic woman told me of the incredible rush she felt when, late at night before the first day of Millennium, The Kid came barreling around the corner of one of the Astrodome halls in a golfcart, nearly mowing her down, before caroming off the wall and puttering off.)

Finally, there is a little parable, strikingly oral and infantile in character, using any variety of fruit, vegetable or candy, wherein you are told that you really can't *Know* what the *bliss* is without *Experiencing* it. Believers like to say that Knowledge is like a banana—you can't *describe* the taste of a banana, you have to *eat* one to know. When I ask my friend if she couldn't at least make it an apple or avocado or something—that was three bananas in a row at that point—she sighs, then her eyes light up and she exclaims, "Try it, you'll like it!"

The *satsang* process continues for as long as one is willing to subject oneself to what temporarily provides comic relief after a distressing event (such as a divine press conference) but which soon thereafter seems like the unfortunate gibberish of a brain-turned-jellybean. "I have to go to the bathroom," is the best way to extricate oneself from the divine drooling, though in one instance I was followed into the Astro-urinal by a cosmic zealot, until I explained to him that piss and bliss just don't mix.

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[THE SECOND COMING IS A BUST]

By this time it is becoming evident that the Millennium is something of a divine bore. The premies' Passion Play is unbelievably sophomoric ("Jesus, I'm looking for you, where aaaarrreee you?"). The attendance is as bare as a Hare Krishna's pate. Blue Aquarius proves it can perform everything from Mantovani to the Rolling Stones—poorly. And the World Peace Corps (divine bodyguards) encircling the stage area become avenging angels: threatening, cajoling and generally pushing everyone around. (Credit must be given, though, to The Kid's superb sense of irony—appointing only British WPCers to secure the stage, he neatly turned the tables on the White Man's Burden; this time around the Indian conscripts the Tory.) Sensing the troubles, even the flying saucers stay away, severely disappointing the flock, some of whom earnestly awaited the chance to hitch a ride on a UFO and give *satsang* to the Venutians.

The event has all the outward amenities of a rock festival; shirtless premie men sunbathing on the grass outside the stadium; premie panhandlers in the concourses pleading for donations to return to Los Angeles or Boston or Marseilles; constant emphasis of peace-love-goodvibes; organic applejuice and peanutbutter proliferate. Blue Aquarius performs an original number which panders exactly to that image ("Rock Me Guru Maharaj Ji, and Roll Me Tonight"). I am even taken aback by the number of long-haired, blue-jeaned premie men and short-skirted braless premie women; true hardcore premie regimen demands the males look like insurance adjusters and the females like nuns.

The countercultural trappings are completed by the scores of gurupies—premies who flit about looking for members of the Holy Family to coo over like their rock counterparts outside Mick Jagger's hotel room, though most premies freak out when asked if they're sexually attracted to any of the sacred quartet. On Friday night a few gurupies even manage to storm the lower level of the stage before being swiftly ushered off by the WPCers—but only after they worshipfully prostrate themselves before the Perfect Master, whose apotheosis is complete: he's decked out in a huge, bejeweled gold mitre, the "Crown of Crowns for the King of Kings."

"In God We Trust, Houston or Bust" proclaim the DLM posters, and by Saturday night, "bust" was the best description of Millennium 73. "Love is Free, Truth is Free, Admission is Free," blaze the DLM bumperstickers, but the prospect of getting a free glimpse of the Astrodome (normally it costs a dollar just for a tour) is not enough to lure in the Houstonians, whom the DLM was counting on to fill the stadium. At five o'clock a plaintive appeal comes from the microphone: "If every premie will go out into the streets of Houston and bring back *five* Houston residents, we'll be able to *fill* the Astrodome!" Even the most devoted devotees ignore the pitch.

But the beauty of divine logic is that everything is *perfect.* Whatever is, is right. If only 10,000 people appear in the flesh, it's because Guru Majarah Ji *wants* it that way. "It's a *test* for the premies," says Rennie Davis, in a revision of his Chicago estimates. "Guru Maharaj Ji deliberately disappointed their preconceived notions, as he always does."

"Anyway," Rennie is saying before giving his introduction to the last night's divine appearance. "It's not the numbers, it's the significance of the event—only 12 people came to the Last Supper."

(A week before Rennie had told me of another test for the premies when he admitted that Mahatma Fakiranand, one of the first Mahatmas to give Knowledge in the U.S., had been the one to nearly murder an underground reporter in Detroit last August after the reporter had thrown a pie in The Kid's face. The DLM had tried to cover up the fact by simply giving the Mahatma's Indian name and falsely claiming that he had been banished from the Divine Light Mission.)

Rennie's final task that last night harkens back to his role in the anti-war movement—the fundpitch. His taut face and furrowed brow is most unblissful as he asks all premies to drop their spare change into passing buckets. The Kid's line, after the buckets go around, is an interesting contrast: "This knowledge is free—we do not ask for your money." To which he adds a familiar note: "We all drive cars, and if you run out of fuel, that's it—you got to hang around somewhere and stop and get some fuel. If a battery goes dead, that's it. If something goes wrong with the engine, that's it. So it seems that apparently something is guiding something else, and something is guiding something else, and something is guiding something else, and then something is guiding something else. And it's just like seems [sic] to be a series of things in this world that are making one or the other thing go."

"Jesus!" says erstwhile child-evangelist Marjoe Gortner, watching the whole show from the stadium floor. "The kid is so lame. If they had someone with some Charisma, someone who knew what they were doing . . ." he winks slyly "someone like *me,* they'd bust this place wide open." I counter that maybe if the DLM finds out he's out of work the premies will make him an offer. "They already have—don't print that."

The Kid exits and a gravel-voiced Mahatma approaches the microphone. In an eerie, high-decibel screetch he leads the devotees in five or six final warwhoops. It is then that something snaps inside me. Scenes from the Nuremburg stadium flash a frightfully exact parallel: the martial chanting, the cult of total obedience, the arms flailing about, thousands of eyes weeping in blind adulation. Blue Aquarius starts up with another song, but the notes don't register.

I run up to the press box to collect my stuff, thinking that indeed Guru Maharaj Ji has wrought a miracle: I never thought I would think kindly of Hare Krishnas or Jesus Freaks, but at this point I'm even ready to buy their goddam sticks of incense or say a Hail Mary. Linking arms with a friend we dash through the first turnstile we find and fly across the parking lot. But the gate is closed, and the cyclone fence with its barbed wire streamers stretch for a mile in either direction. "Remember Stalag 17," she says, and we crawl belly-up on the concrete, squeeze under the gate and head back to the free world of Conrad Hilton. ■

Ken Kelley is a freelance journalist presently writing a book for McGraw-Hill about the Divine Light Mission, Brave New Bliss.

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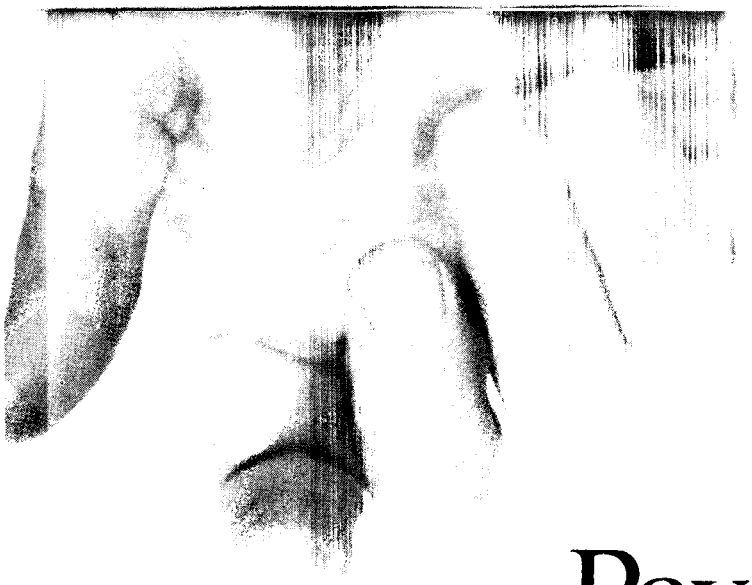

Payola: As American as Pizza Pie

Along with the revival of late Fifties rock and roll goes a peculiar nostalgia for the payola scandals that brought that cultural epoch precipitously to a close. At the same time that the pop music industry is cranking up the strains of shoo-be-doo, it seems to be preparing for a distant replay of the coeval congressional hearings and criminal prosecutions that made villains of the most popular disc jockeys and turned the funky sound fatuous.

The flurry or worry started last spring when CBS fired Clive Davis, the president of its Records Group, which controls Columbia Records. Although the nature of Davis' high crime or misdemeanor has never been clearly established, it was widely believed that the expense account infractions he was accused of were lame excuses for deeper problems of payola and payoff. The Davis affair was assumed to be the harbinger of a new round of attacks on Columbia and other big record companies. The target is big enough: Davis was the undoubted tycoon of the record business - a $2 billion business, all told, that accounts for more income than movies and sports events combined, and constitutes the vanguard sector of the American entertainment industry.

Now, six months after Davis toppled, the full fury of the scandals has yet to break. For reasons that both industry officials and critics are at a loss to explain, Federal and local grand juries, Senate committees, and prosecutors have brought no indictments, made no arrests of anyone on the long roster of suspicious characters under investigation.

What's more, the clear-cut issues of bribery and cultural independence, extortion and free expression, have become decidedly murky. Opportunistic politicians, uptight lawyers and reactionary officials have unfocused the original payola issue for their own needs and ends, so that it's now almost impossible to tell the apes from the angels—if, indeed, there was ever any real difference in the record world.

What's payola? Seen one way, it's the honored American custom of entertaining, intoxicating and enriching one's business associates and clients. The Internal Revenue Service long ago enshrined the four-Martini lunch, the country club membership, and the Las Vegas convention as tax-deductible items with the understanding that business would fail without them. Payola is part of the American way of life; indeed, it *is* the American way of life. Manufacturers pay off wholesalers and retailers to push their wares; publishers pay off distributors and newsstands to peddle their papers; why can't record companies pay off music stores and dee jays to emphasize their albums?

Sophistical arguments fly back and forth in the legal industry and the entertainment world on the subject of music payola, but after all is said, it does seem rather peculiar that the moralistic attacks center on the record sector of American businesses. It leads some people in and around the industry - both the corporate executives and the hip critics - to fear that the attacks are really meant to threaten rock culture and Woodstock politics, to defang the bite and bitterness of the music, to sterilize free-form radio, and generally to mellow out boogie consciousness into a fox-trot beat.

by Andrew Kopkind

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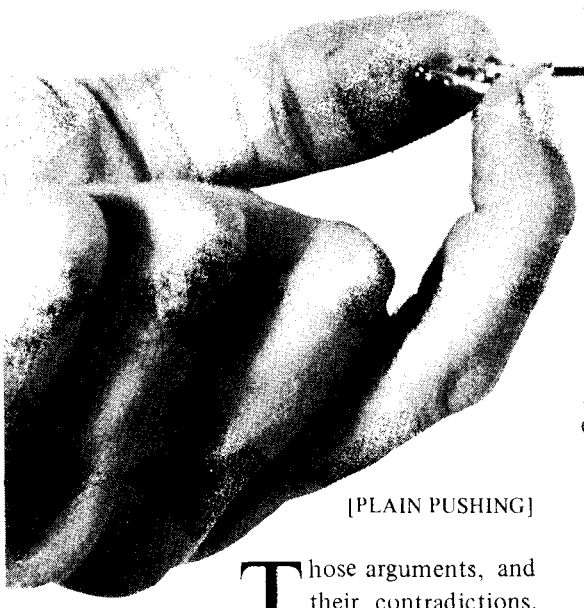

[PLAIN PUSHING]

Those arguments, and their contradictions, are all present in the chronicle of the decline and fall of Clive Davis and his coterie at Columbia. Davis is a Brooklyn-born Harvard lawyer who was so square—he once said—that he thought Simon and Garfunkel was a New York law firm when he became head of Columbia Records in 1967 (he took over the CBS Records Group in 1971, at the age of 38). Once known as "Mr. Super Straight and Mr. Integrity" at Columbia, he soon became associated with the hip avant garde. The rock record industry has grown enormously in the past several years (28 million folk, rock and teen records in 1965, 79 million in '71) and Davis got Columbia more than its share of that pie: 22 percent of the U.S. rock record market with $340 million in sales in 1972. Davis' salary was $350,000 that year.

Super Straight or Super Hype, Clive Davis was always impossible to categorize. Jon Landau, the rock critic who writes in Boston's *Real Paper*, reports (among other opinions) that Davis "made an enormous contribution to the growth of rock music by putting Columbia Records right in the middle of the field, not by merely legitimizing it, but helping to build it up to its current prominence. In the process he always championed the artistic freedom of all concerned, and was unafraid to experiment with any form of popular music—or, for that matter, jazz."

On the other hand, critic Gene Lees of "High Fidelity" thinks that Davis was an unalloyed disaster at Columbia and for music all around. He helped force jazz and serious music out of America to Europe and generally aided the process of degeneration of rock and pop.

Lees asked bitterly, in the wake of Davis' firing, "Which philosophy will prevail at Columbia—that music is strictly a business and all that matters is the money it makes; or that music has mysterious powers to soothe men's minds or to excite them to idiocies, even slaughters? . . . We saw during the Sixties what music could do to manners and mores and the collective psyche of a whole generation of people in their malleable years. We see the results in those living in their crash pads, passing their dope like their mentors and idols, staying out of it, and occasionally dying while they listen to the music Clive Davis gave them.

Taken either way, the rock industry's success was built on a foundation of extraordinary money-mongering. Musicians get multi-million-dollar contracts on the basis of real or imagined stardom: Davis signed Neil Diamond for $4 million, and Laura Nyro to a $5 million contract under which she has not produced one album. Advertising and promotion budgets are enormous; the record companies virtually subsidize the underground press in American with full-page ads for albums and concerts. Last spring, Warner Brothers spent $10,000 for a Procul Harem party in Los Angeles; Atlantic flew a planeload of guests to Paris for a company anniversary party; and RCA flew another jetful of critics to London for a David Bowie concert—in preparation for his superstar buildup in the United States. The amount of marijuana and cocaine (and God knows what other immoral or illegal confections) consumed at those affairs boggles the brain.

The record business has always insisted that it could not do its thing without big promo budgets. "Successful groups don't just happen," a Warner Brothers executive was quoted as saying in June, "they are made." They are made by wining and dining and otherwise softening up radio disc jockeys, by big display ads in the right publications, by throwing extravagant parties, and—occasionally—by more or less direct payoffs to those in a position to help record sales in a big way.

For instance, record companies give dee jays stacks of free albums, which sometimes turn up on the sales counters of music stores. Promo men give dee jays (or others similarly well-placed) airline tickets that they can use or cash in as they please. Artists have been pressured to sign away their song-writing copyrights with a publishing house that some record exec owns, in order to get a fat contract from the exec's record company. More simply, some artists are expected to kick back a percentage of a contract to the company man who signs them up.

Some of it is big potatoes and a lot of it is pretty small fries. A promo man might come around to a radio station with a joint or a couple of lines of cocaine, but in both cost and intoxicating effect that's lighter than a double scotch in the bar downstairs. A free record (with the label changed or the cover marked so as to prevent resale) for a dee jay's home collection could hardly influence a decision to push a new musician over the air.

So the mechanisms of payola—and its direct relation to record sales—is not always easy to understand. Company executives probably can cadge as much "payola" by ripping off their corporations with phoney expenses or kickbacks as they pay out in their cash, drug, record or travel bribes to dee jays, rock critics, tipsheet publishers, or store owners.

Where promotion, payola, or just plain pushing does the companies noticeable good is in certain specialized categories: for example, with rhythm and blues record sales, and in publicizing new artists. It's been taken for granted for years that payola is a way of life with black-oriented record companies and radio stations. How much of that assumption is a white fantasy is impossible to tell.

Lucky Cordell, of Chicago's R&B station WVON, said recently that "whenever there's talk about payola, the finger's always pointed at the black man." Cordell noted that the big money is still in white-oriented records, which are "worth four or five times as much as R&B hits." New York's black-programmed WWRL

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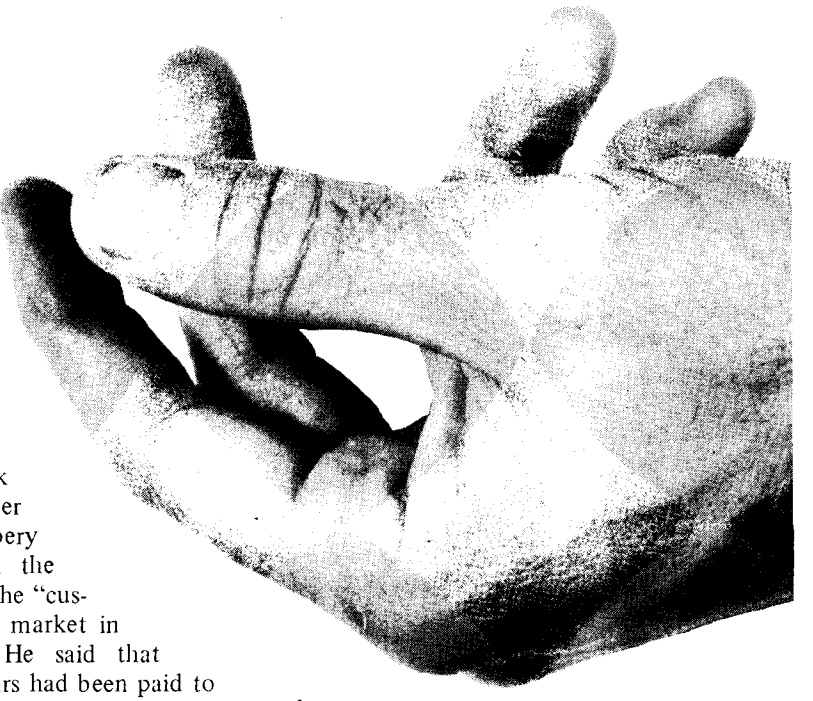
broadcast an editorial in June condemning "vague insinuations with racial overtones" about payola in the black record world. And Metromedia, which has some record sales as well as broadcast outlets, reported that it decided against going into the R&B field two years ago because of the widespread payola and extortion atmosphere.

[THE CASE BREAKS]

Clive Davis's rumored association with payola problems (there are no official charges) is said to date from Columbia's entry into the R&B market almost three years ago, when it acquired distribution rights to the Philadelphia International Stax soul empires. Last year, Columbia dominated the black music market. Whether Columbia also took over the drug and payola business that allegedly goes along with soul music will have to be finally determined in a more judicial forum. But everyone in the record game believes it's so.

The fatal phase of Davis' struggle with the CBS directors began with the arrest of a middle-echelon mafioso from New Jersey named Pasquale Falcone. The feds picked up Falcone—a member of Vito Genovese's Mafia *meshpucha*—on a heroin dealing charge, and in going through his belongings found the name of David Wynshaw, Clive Davis' vice president for artist relations at the CBS Records Group. There was never any evidence of Wynshaw's involvement with the drug end of Falcone's operations, but in looking over Wynshaw's books, investigators found anomalous records and receipts pointing to some funny money business. CBS fired Wynshaw and Columbia Records accountant Anthony Rubino, and later Davis himself. Davis was charged by CBS with misusing some $94,000 in company money for such unaccountable expenses as his son's bar mitzvah party, interior decoration of his New York apartment, and rental of a summer home in Beverly Hills. CBS claims in a civil suit that Davis, Wynshaw and Rubino falsified invoices and fiddled the books in such ways as to make the expenses look respectable.

Wynshaw was later called before a Federal grand jury in New Jersey investigating "organized crime." According to press reports at that time, he told the Newark Federal Strike Force that Columbia spent more than $250,000 a year on payola to black radio stations, under a program of bribery that began when the company entered the "custom label" (R&B) market in February 1971. He said that thousands of dollars had been paid to a tipsheet publisher in hopes that the right records would find their way to the top of the charts.



Wynshaw's world had been a glamorous whirl of celebrity-hopping and table-skipping until the Man looked at the accounts. "I loved it," Wynshaw once said in an interview, "I took all the artists around town when they came in. I'm known at the Copa and the Waldorf. There isn't a maitre d' in the city who doesn't know me. I liked the action."

Patsy Falcone was sent up on the heroin charge. Nothing has yet come of the Wynshaw testimony, and Davis' appearance before the Newark grand jury was mysteriously canceled. Grand jury and prosecutorial investigations in Los Angeles have not yet turned up indictments. CBS hired the heavy law firm of Cravath, Swaine and Moore (partner Roswell Gilpatrick also sits on CBS' Board of Directors) to investigate the Davis affair and the payola charges at Columbia, but so far there has been no word of their findings. There the matter rests: uneasily, to be sure, but conveniently for the industry.

[A GREAT TEMPEST]

The first shots in what has become the political battle around the payola issue were fired by William Safire, the former Nixon speechwriter who is Administration apologist-by-appointment to the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times*. A few weeks after Clive Davis was axed and while payola rumors were flying, Safire held forth on the subject of "drugola" and the CBS "cover-up" of the Davis affair: "the second most massive cover-up of the past 12 months," he said, with his tongue inside Walter Cronkite's cheek. CBS News, he charged, would never investigate payola the way it was digging into Watergate.

Four days later, New York's Conservative Senator James L. Buckley (brother of William F.), picked up on Safire's column, with particular emphasis on the clincher line: "the cancer in the music business is not in padded expense accounts, [but] is what killed singers Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix—the new currency of the record industry, hard drugs."

Buckley called for an investigation of CBS, which was considered the principal antagonist of the White House on Watergate. "We must demonstrate that we will pursue and prosecute corruption and fraud in business with the same determination that we pursue crimes committed in other areas of life." Was he attacking CBS because of its Watergate news? "I don't think so," Buckley mildly answered a question at his press conference.

Beyond that, the payola rumors and Davis' troubles provide a good excuse for the anti-permissive Right to inveigh against the youth culture. A little Agnewism goes a long way, even without Agnew, and Buckley pre-

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sumably was hatcheting hippies for the Pat Boone crowd. The record industry used that line in counter-attacking the Buckley charges: "payola" charges were a way of getting Nixon's licks at Woodstock Nation.

But it doesn't quite wash. The CBS/Columbia hierarchy—even the middle-echelon hip-hype artists and managers who swarm over the "black box" headquarters on Sixth Avenue in Manhattan—is as much a part of the radical rock culture as Spanish moss is part of a weeping willow. Columbia has been successful because early on it learned how to exploit the energies of the new movements and culture of the Sixties; when other companies still had dress codes that required coats and ties—or at least neat turtlenecks—Columbia was bringing in Yippies and Diggers and freaks and radicals to spread the word about the $2 billion-a-year rock "revolution." It was always a rip-off.

[AN EARLY DEATH]

The industry's line of defense continues to the effect that the attacks are meant to sanitize pop music and, if the "payola" charges are pursued, will undermine the genius of rock and roll and return the business to the schlock purveyors of the early Sixties.

"If Joni Mitchell were just starting out today, she'd have trouble getting radio air play in this climate [of payola charges]," Asylum Record's David Geffen said not long ago. "Radio stations are afraid to take a chance on new artists unless they have huge hits because they're afraid they'll be questioned about whether they were paid off to play them. The net effect is that the investigations are encouraging the kind of music that proliferated in the 1950s and 1960s—nonessential, non-message schlock rock."

It's true enough that radio stations are worried, but the cause is not entirely the fault of the payola investigations. "Free form" rock radio—where dee jays get to choose the content of their shows without a play list dictated by a program director—is alive in only a few stations in a very few cities. Nor are play lists a perfect defense against payola charges: WLIB in New York, a soul music station, has suffered attacks even though its program director insists that he has "full music controls . . . there isn't that kind of freedom for the disc jockeys. Everything is under the control of the program director."

Free form radio is dying because of a climate of owner and advertiser control, not because of attacks from the government or the anti-long hair vigilantes. The payola scandals (if they break in a big way) will speed that process, but there's not very far to go. The form is almost dead. It hardly makes sense anymore to speak of a rock music culture, or to treat "our music" as some sort of radical expression. Rock music has been almost devoid of innovation and movement for a long time; Senator Buckley and William Safire haven't been responsible for the cultural decline. But in a way, Columbia Records and the other industry giants have: it's easier to sell big-volume quantities of formularized products than to encourage new and unfamiliar music. For instance, the companies seized on certain contemporary glimmerings of sexual liberation and produced "glitter" rock, which now has an ever-narrowing spectrum of variations from David Bowie to the New York Dolls. What happens is that the glitter formula eventually eliminates every vestige of political insurgency and artistic innovation from the music, and substitutes instead an inert package of "entertainment." In the same way, movie makers are turning out formula "black exploitation" films on the *Shaft* model, based on the whiff of black power politics and nationalism. Bowie bears the same relationship to gay liberation now as Superfly does to Third World revolution.

Maybe the record industry is getting the fuzzy end of the lollypop stick on the payola and drugola charges. But there should be a way of criticizing their egregious rip-offs without worrying about the dangers to innocent long-hair fans and a deserving music culture. Buckley and Safire are half-right for wholly wrong reasons. The record industry is no worse than other industry, Columbia is no better than any other purveyor of vinyl. That's some kind of defense, but it hardly warrants a tear for Clive Davis. ■

The Way We Weren't

"Can it be it was all so simple then
Or has time rewritten every line . . .
If we had a chance to do it all again
Tell me,
Would we, could we?
What's too painful to remember
We simply choose to forget. . . ."

From the theme song of
The Way We Were

It's not that it wasn't that way. But that's not the way it was, either. It's the way *The Way We Were* keeps slipping slightly out of focus that bothers me. It's that great glossy Hollywood valentine wrapped snugly around Barbra Streisand's Communist-red heart, matching her red earrings, red lips, red-painted kitchen and Mandarin-length red fingernails that somebody out there would have us believe were busy at the mimeograph machine grinding out leaflets to save Loyalist Spain.

Look, except that I was a few years too young to save Loyalist Spain, I could be Katie Morosky, more heart than head, falling in love with handsome unsuitable *goyim*; knowing from knishes about dialectical materialism, but I *cared*. At the end of the movie, Katie still cares, enough to man, or ms., the ban-the-bomb barricades. Once-blacklisted Arthur Laurents, who wrote the embarrassingly *Ladies Home Journal*-ish novel and screenplay, still cares. Given the changes wrought by time and tides, I still care.

Given the changes wrought by time and tides, Hollywood still cares—for gross profits, and we'll get to the grossness in due course. Now it's kosher to have a Communist New York Jewish heroine who marries her *goyishe*, uncommitted but *sensitive* boy friend, in a slight case of confusion of identities. She thinks he is Hemingway or at least F. Scott Fitzgerald, and she keeps

by Judy Stone

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pushing him to be great, but he really just wants to be comfortable. They go off to Hollywood where darkness sets in at high noon over Malibu when the House Un-American Activities Committee comes to town.

After all, what could be so dangerous now to mention the unmentionable in a movie? People are tired of blacks, old Indians, new Indians, homosexuals, hippies, dope, bad cops and good robbers. What's left? Who knows? Our President used to come to Hollywood with HUAC to hunt for subversives sneakily whistling "The Internationale" into movies for the masses. He now goes to Mecca himself. He might even go to jail, God and the slow grinding wheels of justice willing, just like HUAC Chairman J. Parnell Thomas did, and the Hollywood Ten.

But there I go talking politics again. A fellow in the office—he's over 30, digs good movies and comes from Tucson, which probably never developed a Young Communist cell—says it's not a political movie. It's a romance: two people aren't suited to each other; it happens all the time. It's not a bad movie. It doesn't *insult* your intelligence. Identify, don't identify. Relax. Enjoy. Like we used to do when Mr. Smith Went to Washington. Coast-to-coast, people are thronging to see it. In New York, an old friend, probably one of the last of the true believers and a lady who knows Hollywood, just loves it. "It's got some good lines," she says. In San Francisco, an old college friend giggled, a little embarrassed, and said she loved it. She said the Word as enunciated in the *People's World* by one of the Hollywood Ten is that "TWWW" is awful. A canard. Oh, hell, I think, can't they ever laugh?

Katie's man, Hubbell Gardiner, loves her for caring, but he keeps saying a little desperately that he wishes she'd laugh sometimes too. Does she have to bawl out his ritzy friends on the day FDR dies because they're making jokes about the Yaltese (sic) Falcon and Eleanor? Yes, she does. She can't keep quiet, but she keeps trying to revamp herself in the image of the company that Hubbell keeps. She straightens her frizzy hair. "Why can't you say ass instead of behind?" Hubbell complains. All right already, she'll stop being a Puritan: "I'll take courses in swearing, laughing and Protestant cooking." Katie, *'s zvedt dir gornisht helfn*—no way, man! The marriage is doomed. (You want a *critique*? Read *The New Yorker*. Pauline Kael enjoyed—despite everything.)

OK, points for Streisand's acting and Robert Redford's beauty, and no question, they're realer than Ali McGraw and whatshisname in *Love Story*, but not really real. And love story aside, the movie is a mishmosh. Attempts at period authenticity are marred by future schlock: Katie, making a speech for Spain at an up-

state N.Y. college, leads the students in a peace pledge. "You're really beautiful," she says mistily. (In 1937?) Then the jocks put a sign up behind her: "Any peace but Katie's piece."

Odd touches make no sense unless you know the history that doesn't get taught in civics. Right at the start, even before the titles and credits, there's a quick shot of a movie marquee with Larry Parks starring in one of his Al Jolson movies. Why Larry Parks? Even a nice lady in the office of Director Sydney Pollock (*They Shoot Horses Don't They?*) wasn't too sure just who Larry Parks was. "He suffered a lot, didn't he?" she asked. Yes, he suffered and nobody but Larry Parks will ever know how much. He told the committee he was a member of the Communist Party when he was young and wanted to fight for the underdog and would they please not make him crawl through the mud and name names they already had. But he crawled, named names, and other people went to jail. This movie doesn't like informers, but it certainly is murky about the whole business.

Katie goes irresistably off to Washington to challenge HUAC on the First Amendment while Hubbell who wishes she'd stay home wonders if anybody knows what the First says. People brandish signs: "Save the Hollywood Ten," but just what in the hell is going on never becomes clear. Maybe that's why you can't find a copy of Laurents' novel in any of the San Francisco libraries. If somebody is trying to figure out the way they were in Hollywood then, they'd do better with Hollywood Ten-er Alvah Bessie's *Inquisition in Eden*, which surprisingly enough has some very funny stuff in it.

About those touches of authenticity: Katie who used to have photos of Paul Robeson, Lenin and Stalin, decorating her New York apartment, moves to Malibu with her books. I thought I caught a glimpse of Bessie's book on Spain, *Men in Battle*, going up on the shelves; after all, what could be more authentic for an old Loyalist lady? Doggedly trying to track down all relevancies and irrelevancies leading away from the typewriter, I called Producer Ray Stark's office. When a woman at the other end recovered from the shock of having some stranger invade Stark's own *private* line, I asked if that was indeed Mr. Bessie's book or were my poor old contact lenses deceiving me. She was appalled, indignant and angry. "We would never get involved *politically*, like that," she declared. "We wouldn't proselytize by putting up books by well-known Communist authors." I kid you not. Hello, Hollywood; goodbye. ■

Judy Stone is a San Francisco newspaperwoman.

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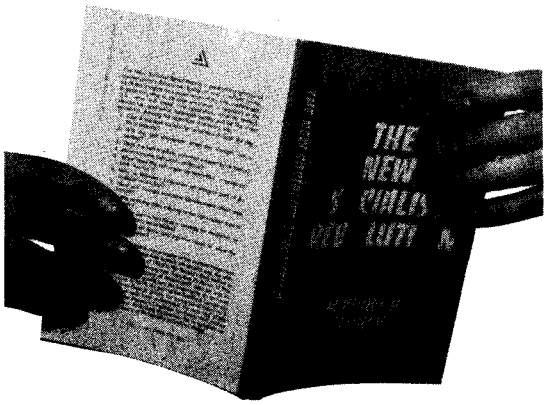
After the New Left



The New Socialist Revolution, by Michael Lerner, Delacorte, $2.95.

In the first years of this century, when we had a socialist movement, we had a socialist literature, too. Millions of copies of socialist or anarchist books, pamphlets and journals were read by farmers and workers. Socialist weeklies, and sometimes even dailies, flourished in major cities all over the country. Radicals of the times knew these publications were as important as strikes and demonstrations.

Part of that rich stream of literature lasted into the Thirties, surviving first the Palmer raids and the reactionary Twenties, and then the ideology of the New Deal and the gray dogmatism of the Communist Party. And some socialists also knew how to write English: the graceful and illuminating writings of Leo Huberman drew me closer to socialism, even though I read his *Man's Worldly Goods* and *The Truth About Socialism* many years after they first came out.

But after World War II came McCarthyism and the isolation and shrinking of the Left; with it shrank what was left of libertarian socialist writing. It was kept alive by a small journal here, a pamphlet there, but the flames burned low.

By the 1960s, young activists were marked by an anti-theoretical and anti-educational bent. The great mindless slogan, "less talk, more action," was a commentary not just on people's impatience but on the absence of political culture, as well. Even though many of the New Left's mentors were professed keepers of the faith (Staughton Lynd, Herbert Marcuse, Daniel Cohn-Bendit), socialists and socialism had been discredited. The ravages of Stalinism had left their mark. The stream of socialist literature was too narrow to sustain a widely-held vision of a libertarian socialism that would not have the injustices and autocracy of the Soviet Union.

By the beginning of the Seventies there were as many sectarian versions of socialism in America as varieties of Campbell's soup. Yet underlying them all has been a vague but pervasive belief that the American people will not now accept socialist ideas; that we should not use the word; that the task of radicals is to mobilize around immediate issues. And underlying these feelings in turn hides a vague contempt many radicals have for the American people: they are too dumb, too brainwashed to think about socialism, and so we have to talk of more concrete things.

Many radicals also seem to feel that a crisis in capitalism itself, without any widespread socialist vision, will be sufficient to bring the tottering edifice down. In reponse to all this, Staughton Lynd once said that if socialism is to ever become a serious political force in America, it must come out of the closet.

Michael Lerner's *The New Socialist Revolution* openly argues for leaving that closet. He is critical of both the Old and New Left for their aversion to talking frankly about revolutionary politics. He excoriates the American Communist Party's subservience to the Soviet Union, and the Socialist Workers Party's concentration on sectarian single-issue campaigns. More important, he rescues socialist ideas from the authoritarian clothes in which—in many people's eyes—they have been imprisoned since Stalin. Lerner's socialism is democratic without being reformist, complicated without being obscure. And, unlike most Old Left socialists, he does not assign questions of culture and personal life to be dealt with in the post-revolutionary future.

Some of the best parts of *The New Socialist Revolution* are those which show the futility of changing capitalism profoundly through liberal reform. Lerner appreciates that the Sixties saw the emergence of a new militancy masked as radicalism: parts of the black and anti-war movements, for example, which were willing to go to the streets when normal channels failed to produce change. Yet he shows how militancy masked the liberal content of many of these actions. He provides a trenchant critique of the Leftists who supported McGovern in 1972. He carefully distinguishes between the early days, when McGovern's program appeared somewhat systematic rather than piecemeal, and the post-Miami campaign. Lerner shows convincingly how, once he was the Democratic candidate, McGovern "backed away from the seeming 'radicalism' of the movement built around him, surrounded himself with Pentagon and Administration figures of the LBJ years . . . and repudiated his former programs for tax reform, fair welfare, and dramatic military cutbacks."

There are some problems, though, in other parts of Lerner's analysis. For the most part, he summarizes standard New Left doctrine without adding much to it. For example, he repeats the notion of the special oppression of blacks and women, and says neither racism nor sexism is in the interests of those who practice it. But he makes no attempt to provide a deeper understanding of the forces that shape racism from within the white working class itself, to show how it arises from the very division of labor. He apparently accepts the views of liberal historians like Oscar Handlin and Peter Blau, who celebrate the achievement of America in assimilating European immigrants, and say that blacks were singled out to remain on the bottom because of their color and their heritage of slavery.

But there are deeper reasons which Handlin, Blau and Lerner all leave untouched: blacks continued working on

by Stanley Aronowitz

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the Southern cotton and tobacco plantations *after* Emancipation, precisely because these commodities were vital to getting industrial capital (cotton was America's chief export until after the turn of the century). The parallels today are the Turks in Italy and West Germany, West Indians in England, Algerians in France—all cheap labor necessary for economic expansion. There are a host of other economic causes of racism—for example, the use of blacks as scab labor in the 1890s and the conscious policy of the steel companies then to create a highly stratified, ethnically divided labor force—which Lerner does not examine.

Lerner does better on sexism, showing its origins in the economic positions of women at home and at work. But he takes a narrowly ideological view too often. I would have liked to see more discussion of work, for instance. He recognizes the boredom and discontent most people—even those not in the working class—feel with their jobs, but doesn't put enough emphasis on this as an argument for a socialist society. This weakness is particularly startling since, when he gets to the program portion of his book, he emphasizes workers' control of factories—rather than state ownership—as the substance of a socialist vision.

Yet in the end these are small criticisms of an otherwise admirable work. Lerner's argument against the parliamentary road to socialism seems to have been borne out by the tragic downfall of Allende. In a period when too many people are still looking to the Thirties and Forties for guidance as to what is to be done, he is timely in his insistence that, in the main, the new socialism must be an extra-parliamentary movement. His book is the best introduction to libertarian socialist thought produced in this country in recent years. *The New Socialist Revolution* is indispensible for anybody who has found out that the system does not work, and who wants an alternative that is at once revolutionary and democratic. ■

Stanley Aronowitz is the author of False Promises *(McGraw-Hill, 1973). He teaches at Staten Island Community College in New York.*

Notes from Prison

by Daniel Berrigan

November 14, 1970

I was certainly hustled and shoved about in the world a great deal—a great deal more than most priests—infinitely more than most Jesuits. Having from the start of the Sixties, or even earlier, made up my mind that I was going to sniff the winds of the world and indeed find out, if it could be found out, what caves the winds were born in. . . . Wandering around Brooklyn in the Fifties, boating alone for a week on Lake Casenovia. In the early Sixties climbing Trembleau Mountain to pick wild blueberries and read and write. Being the first to ask for a cabin alone on that lake, thirsting for solitude, for an opposite rhythm to the studies and crowds, even the liturgies. . . .

November 16

I used to walk the filthy macadam yard at St. Peter's, Jersey City—how many years ago? Trying to put together enough reason, enough energy, to go on for another single day. In 1947. Ten years later I was walking off my private devils on the Brooklyn pavement; bedeviled by insomnia, seeing no rhyme or reason in policing and drilling kids, the day only starting after school or on weekends when we would go, a few students and I, into Manhattan's East Side to work at some storefront, to gather some neighborhood youngsters, at Walt Janer's mission center. . . . Or when I could read and study until 2 a.m., sleepless as a bat, toss until four and rise and steal out to say Mass alone.

I was back from Europe, I thought good days were ahead; I landed back where I most dreaded—high school drilling, cafeteria policing, the childish games that were supposed to prove one was with it. The headmaster, who played a poker-faced politics of loyalty and no opposition allowed, one day slipped and gave away his hand: "What did you do to land here?" he asked me. Alas, I had no crime to confess to, even for my own relief. . . .

December 1

I was taken out in manacles, to testify at the trial of the Flower City draft board raiders. Was kept in solitary in West Street jail for one night. A cage on the top floor, under the big ventilators, with two Puerto Rican kids—everything including shoes taken away. . . .

They always talk churchy to me and call me "Father" as though we were in the men's room of a mortuary chapel, hushed tones, averted gaze; we know, don't we, Father, the weakness of mortal flesh and how to split the take later. . . . He came into the john and stood there while I shaved and peed; third floor up but you never know, I might take wing through the plate glass or something.

Monday, December 14

The marshal bent to putting the leg chains on us, making of Phil and myself the strangest Siamese twins of technological genetics; "Holy Cross man myself, Father. What year did you graduate?" We were off, "mad as the ice and snow," making our way across the glassy pavement to the car; belly chains, handcuffs, foot fetters, the pampered, protected, endangered priests: "Might be some of those radicals trying to free you, Fathers."

The U.S. attorney is young, a novice's first appearance. He is unsure in the first hour, more sure as he gets into "the credibility of the witness," explaining his line of reasoning to the judge. It is a matter of three letters apprehended in my shoes, months ago. I know now the government, stung by our suit on First Amendment rights of all federal prisoners, had done its homework—with the help of the kangaroo advocates, our "social workers."

January 4, 1971

Pop prison described

The pop prison: its hall of mirrors, its snack bars, comfort stops, news-

From the book Lights on in the House of the Dead. *Copyright © 1974 by Daniel Berrigan. To be published in March by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

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stands, the functionaries who lock and unlock the future, the present, the past; the prestidigitators of release, opening again the can of culture for the dislocated—and then ourselves who are trying day after day to ride the mad current to build something out of broken lives.

They censor letters and send them back, marked variously "objectionable material," "unauthorized mention of inmate," "criticism of institution," etc. They strip, search after visits, looking up assholes for drugs or demons or despairs. They are truculent, uncertain, overkilling us with complacency, sloppy in execution of the law, potbellied, lazy of mind, angry with those of us who will not grow cabbage leaves about the ears, who protest reduction of men to sticks and stones. In short, they want no interference with the death game. They count us avidly, several times a day, several times a night, because our bodies are their jobs. Literally, the politics is property. . . .

January 12

A Letter

The end of the Sixties marked, if nothing else, the end of our innocence, or at least, a lessening of our illusions. We had not done our homework, we had not reckoned the cost of our undertaking, we had deceived ourselves about our strength, our spiritual resources, our self-understanding, our ability to form and maintain communities of consciences, our affinity with the oppressed peoples of the world. We had counted on a quick win, with minimal cost to ourselves. We were bugged by the noxious dreams of the culture—that anything was possible to us because anything was possible to our technology, our social engineering, our encounter groups, our rock music, our hip clothing. Didn't it all signify, beyond reasonable doubt, a revolution that would disarm the war makers, reapportion the fruits of labor, leisure, and love, would give birth to the New Man, bury the old man like a dusty Pharoh?

It did not; *pace* Dr. Leary, Dr. Reich, the druggies, the hippies, the commune people, the Hell's Angels, the flora and fauna of Consciousness III.

It did not; *pace* ourselves.

It did not, Mr. Nixon declared. To prove it did not, he invaded Cambodia, issued a virtuous peace plan, bombed the North, welcomed Ky, ignored the tiger cages, sent paratroopers after war prisoners; did in fact whatever pleased him, on whatever occasion, to extend the war, to confound the movement, to discredit the peace talks.

What were we to do with our lives, in such circumstances?

In other circumstances, the answer had been relatively easy, in principle. As the war continued, the question became grievous and vexing almost beyond bearing. In a land that had nourished the fair hopes of so many, and had articulated its dream of justice and plenty, could we be forced to be-

Rob Fitch

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come lawbreakers, in defense of the right to life and liberty of other men? The ominous specter moved closer; we acted, we broke the law, we are paying the consequence, harsh as it is. . . .

The future will be different, someone said, if we make the present different.

Daniel

February 12

Catonsville on stage: the weight of an endless and powerless folly

The question has arisen of how we feel as the *Catonsville Nine* play is about to open in New York City, with all the panoply attendant on such an event–distinguished cast, top-drawer director and producer. . . .

Something that transpired in May of '68, with the fear and trembling attendant on such an event, has been claimed by and delivered over to history. Surely in May of 1968 no such possibility entered our minds: we were steeled only to act, the times and our experience counseled modesty. Hanging heavily on our minds were the suffering and death inflicted on a distant people by the mad charade of the war. What might be exacted of ourselves, as we strove to resist, had first nudged us, then gnawed at us, then attached itself to our mind and flesh, like the fox in the Greek story. At the end, there was no escaping. We concocted our napalm, like medieval necromancers, around a coffee table in a friend's home, conscious of the weird nightmares of that liturgy, the spreading of wild fires that had muttered in our minds for months. We went down to our cars, and drove to Catonsville.

Two and a half years later, February 1971, the Catonsville people could forgather only by an act of fiction–or an act of God. One of us, David Darst, died in a flaming auto crash over a year ago. Another, Mary Moylan, is at this writing at large, but underground. The rest of us are scattered about the federal penal system, chaff to the winds.

February 17

Not finding it easy to keep this diary. Not because "nothing happens in jail" but for quite the opposite reason, as it seems to me; too much happens to be able to absorb.

Mother is coming back so miraculously, so unexpectedly from her illness. I had prayed someone would come by, so we could send her flowers for her 85th birthday Friday and lo! Francine Gray here, flowers sent!

Ramsey Clark wants to join our legal staff and will be here also early next week.

People send books; no letters are allowed. There is a picayune vengeful spirit in American authority; where you cannot get away with wounding people in large ways, do it in small. But they cannot, for the sake of whatever devil, leave them alone or encourage their living zestfulness. Stomp. Even on a fly. . . .

March 4

Woke to the sense, washing over like a tide, of being in jail; how many days! And thought of all 750 men here, all awakening from the neutrality of sleep, its free-floating geography–one might be literally anywhere. . . .

With inquiring eyes, priests, lawyers, friends, editors, come to seek out our life. We are as exotic as birds or beasts in a big city zoo–or terminal patients in a hospital. How do we live? What is the day like? What do we eat? What is our work? Do we brothers get to see one another, to talk, to share? Indeed, what seems killingly ordinary from the inside (peacocks lead the life of rather mangy barnyard cocks after all) has about it the subtle glow of the caged and captured gorgeous bird, brought gingerly from afar. . . .

April 16

Snowing rapaciously outside, peaceful as December inside.

Phil and I lose enormously in not having any critical opposition that might be called real. On the one hand, the slack-jawed liberal establishment on its stony arse, jawing such nostrums as make the heart shudder with a sense of the presence of death. The *New York Times* takes the whole mess as a deific "given"–anyone from Allende to the Weathermen to D. Dellinger to anyone who would dare to probe into the roots or nerve centers of things is to be abominated. . . .

The latest in a long line of well-wishers arrived yesterday, asking for the inevitable "statement" to speed the departure of King Tut. Practically no one in the media has any conception that man is saved by anything but newsprint. If our being here means anything, it must be simply a new and interesting place from which to issue the ultimate words that raise man from the pit. Alas! Along with this, a complete innocence reigns with regard to the extreme delicacy, not to say jeopardy, of the times. We are not about to aggravate the beast who has us, already, by one limb. Very few seem to care about that aspect of things; we are supposed to be grateful that Moloch finds us tasty and wants us for dinner.

May 8–Eve of my 50th birthday

What more fitting place to celebrate fittingly this fitting day. Ha! I feel in my bones and cranium 35 at the least. I want to start all over. I want to write one immortal line. I want to perform one good non-violent act. I want to reactivate all the dead cells that cling to my skull like last year's honeycomb, sweet and musty. I want to undergo a (faint) trauma (I do) when I pause in that last breath before sleep and the stone in my gut speaks like a Magian: *what have you done with the years?* My God, do not remember the waste since ordination, since entering the Jesuits, since entering jail. I want to get out of here; I want to get Philip out of here. I want the end of all indicting of uncommon virtue for being uncommon. I want America to get reborn into gentleness. I want to survive, if I survive, as A. J. Muste did, or to go out tomorrow with grace. I want to die if I have to die (O my God) like Merton–in an unexpected way, with my saddlebags on. I want Mother to walk again, to see her. I want all jails to go up in smoke, like a kicked dry toadstool. I want to walk in the woods and kneel down in a sodden place and stretch out on pine needles and never get up. I want to metamorphose into a pine tree growing out of a rock wall on

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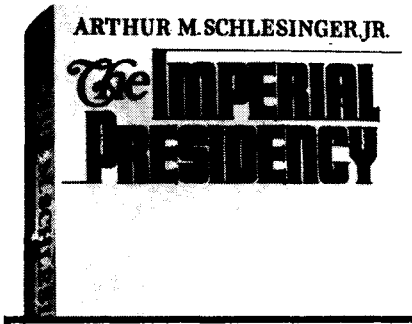
How did our system of checks-and-balances get so out of whack?

How can we get our government back on an even keel?



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Champlain shore. I want everyone to have the above-mentioned gifts. All swordfish to be liberated from the mercury in their guts. . .,.

July 28

Our newsprint hassle with Nelson (of *L. A. Times*) et al. pushes us to think more consistently on the relationship of media to actionists. We have not done very well so far; Nelson's outbreak is only the least bearable in a series of idiocies, betrayals, etc. that pretty well swamp the thinking mind. Now with Nelson the last leg of the colossus is toppled; this is the guy anyone would trust the pearl of repute to. Ha.

We shall have to stop indulging in the fantasy that the media are going to mediate our existence to the people. Only in the rarest instances. Mostly they sell toothpaste and beer and level us off to a blur that will make the "other commercials" more palatable.

August 29

The Fast

Today we celebrate together with 11 men, prisoners, friends and brothers. Eleven men, prisoners, are sitting down to their first meal in over a month. The celebration, the men involved, all are instructive; most citizens would affirm that prison offers very little to celebrate about. Moreover, these prisoners are worthy of note for a peculiar reason; they have an (unrehabilitated) habit of getting themselves into trouble. One month ago they started a fast in Danbury prison, distributed leaflets saying why, and got themselves thrown into solitary. When they persisted, and other prisoners joined them, the eleven were snatched out of Danbury, across country by air, and under heavy armaments; almost in fact as though they were named Tom Paine or Paul Revere, caught in the act of distributing the Declaration of Independence.

It was that absurd. The pamphlet that launched a thousand marshals, advocated nothing like the overthrow of George III, Thieu, Parks, Hoover, or other peerless benefactors of mankind —the leaflet merely called attention to the duplicity or non-accountability of the federal parole board. It also linked crimes against domestic prisoners to crimes against Viet prisoners, recalling the nefarious tiger cages of Con Son, seeking to join hands with others across bars, barbed wire, and free fire zones, to assert a solidarity of pain in the search for redress. There were no threats, no hints of violence. The eleven merely said: we have grievances, we will not take food until our grievances are taken seriously. . . .

December 16

You think you're hanging onto the edge of something with the bloody tops of your soul, you say to yourself: what if tomorrow or the next hour or even now walking the eternal squirrel cage you were to say to yourself—why not chuck it all; what's it for anyway? Couldn't one simply say, no more, no more, agree that no one can live like this and not be reduced to a bushel of bloody feathers?

But you don't do this, yield to this. It wouldn't be in consonance with one's own soul, which, bloody or nicked or stupefied, or all of these and more, is still in some strange way in command, on its feet; more, conscious of the strange congruity of the whole scene, the ingathering of wasted absurdity, crudity, pinheaded violence, all of it. . . .

Sexist crime of the week: Big Bro got an anonymous note that one inmate was a homosexual. They called him in and locked him up "pending investigation." He spent a week in solitary; nervous and shaken. You feel like screaming, but that isn't particularly helpful. What is needed is the icy good sense to decide (1) to be furious is *dignum* and *justum*, (2) to be in purgatory is still to be responsible, (3) you have to have a capacity for anger if you are ever to come to love.

December 25
—after midnight Mass

I was reading Platonov's short stories all evening. The assistant warden came around armed with gifts in mufti clothing in a box; just like ourselves. We had midnight Mass. I sit here afterward writing this like a sparrow chirping against the wind. . . . Second Christmas here; a great outpouring nationally of cards, letters, encourage-

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ment. . . .

A wet, blustery day. September or March in December. Hardly any snow yet this winter, we walk bemused as though half willing, half submitting to this freaky spell in nature.

Usual funky Mass relieved by Phil's reading of the Gospel, good handshakes before communion and many embrazos later.

Ann here. Also Kunstler, hair in prophetic profusion, straight from trial of Harlem Six, which he pronounces good as won. Which may the gods bring to pass, and himself, Kunstler, for our brothers in the great world. . . .

December 27

A Story

A girl with different-colored eyes; the left was tangerine, the right coal black.

With the left eye she saw by day and with the right eye saw equally well by night.

"With the right eye," she told me, "I see the sun, which is tangerine in color, and flowers, which are variously red, white, or golden."

Oranges, tangerines, nectarines, and apricots, however, left her helpless. She could neither see, smell, nor taste them. I have seen her hand pass over the laden bough of an orange tree, pausing only among the leaves, passing through the fruit like a magician's blade, or pure spirit. She said nothing was there, she was bewildered at our insistence, our bewilderment.

A night she saw everything like a cat or owl or bat. Everything except the night. For her sunset was a fiction; she lived like a disenfranchised Eskimo, among 24-hour days.

Not to know the night! She was like a cruel and totally illumined flat moon, beaten flat by a rolling pin and elbows, condemned to be all light, no shadow, no mystery.

Even her death was a blinding noon, as though she fled, not under ground, but into the heart of the sun. ■

Daniel Berrigan was imprisoned between August 1970 and February 1972 for his part in a raid on the Catonsville, Md. draft board office. He is author of 24 books, including the play The Trial of the Catonsville Nine, *which he wrote in prison.*

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LETTERS

(From page 8)

marxists who are (and you'll have to excuse us being pompous about it) more truly the inheritors of the humanist tradition than the individualists who propagate the "change your head" or "sex is politics" ideology. For if one is really concerned with human freedom, with the right each individual should have to live, love and become all the things she or he or whatever has the potential to be, then one has an absolute responsibility to be as clear, as analytical, as *effective* as possible in doing something to make liberation happen.

The article contends that militant liberation movements were and are just an adolescent phase that we all have to go through, "pimply, and self-conscious, and blatantly extreme." So Valerie, "with her mane of rampant blonde hair, her frail frame and Bardot face" is too busy working on her own liberation to bother with "spectacles" like women's liberation? Bully for her—no, better yet, just forget her, since most women continue to work for lousy wages under lousy working conditions. If they win any advances, it's no thanks to James Nolan and his coterie. The decadent frivolity of this group of people has little, if anything, to do with the real struggles of poor and working women and men to control their own lives, their working conditions and their land. David Bowie, Mick Jagger and their lot (might as well throw in the guru what's jis name) are all of the same ilk: cashing in on the decadence and the despair and the confusion that accompanies social disintegration.

It's a lot harder to think and analyze and struggle than to sit about throbbing and quivering with cheap sentimentality and phoney love; it's a lot more of a drag to put up posters or write leaflets or talk to people about unions than to think about your androgynous navel while gazing at your fern by the Russian river.

And for *Ramparts* to be publishing trash that tells people that selfishness and self-indulgence is politics is absolutely beyond reproach. But maybe (?) you printed that article to illustrate the futility of the "personal solutions"; the hopelessness of "freedom now" in an oppressive world; the sexism masquerading as sexual liberation? BUT IT DIDN'T COME ACROSS THAT WAY—it came across straight, like we should all believe it!

Margaret Benston
Richard Blackburn
Patricia Davitt
Vancouver, B.C., Can.

Editors / Your treatment of "The Third Sex" was a disservice to the subject. It was written as if it more properly belonged in *Esquire*, or something of its ilk.

As a gay activist for several years, I resent particularly the author's depiction of the "typical homosexual." His smug sense of more-liberated-than-thou is galling to me, as I suspect it is to others.

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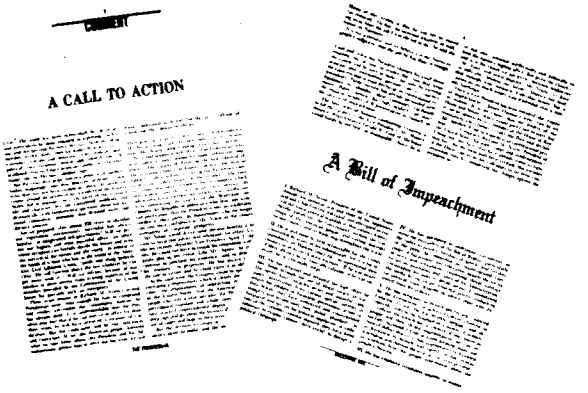

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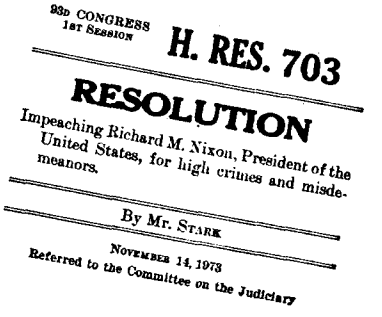

93D CONGRESS
1ST SESSION

H. RES. 703

RESOLUTION

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By Mr. STARK

NOVEMBER 14, 1973

Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary

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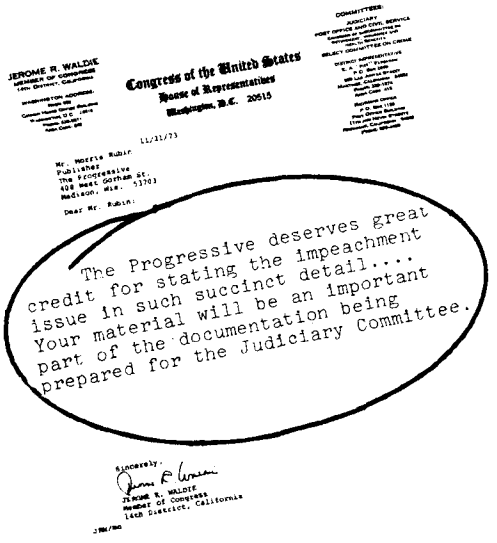

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11/21/73

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Such hip, with-it "journalism" should have died with the Sixties. It has no place in a magazine of *Ramparts'* quality.

John Kyper
Dorchester, Mass.

Editors/Once again you have allowed smart-ass cutesie New Journalism at its worst to seep into *Ramparts*. Will you ever resolve the growing dichotomy between incisive and socially relevant articles and badly written self-serving "expos´e" flashes of counter culture? James Nolan ["The Third Sex," *Ramparts*, Dec. 1973]seems to see cultural revolution solely in terms of camp fashion and glittering decadence, and misses the point totally in his dismissal of both Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation. Both have done a hell of a lot more than exhort women to become prototype aggressors or men to jingle their bracelets and whip up *quiches lorraines*.

Neither Movement is "based on strains of misogyny"–there are women involved in Gay Liberation, James–but on philosophically valid struggles for dignity and freedom. His inept stereotyping oof these facets of Liberation is an insult to the people who, thankfully, did more than drop acid and flutter about in fishnet at demonstrations in the 60's.

There is room and need for coverage of current social movements and trends–where is Andrew Kopkind?–this type of article, however, manages to fan no flames of discontent, but to degrade the discontented. To equate the Angels of Light, bless them, with the visionary Alchemical Theatre of Antonin Artaud is sheer contempt of consciousness. Let's hope this article is just the sign of end-of-the-year exhaustion and not the first step in a new style for *Ramparts*.

Davide Atenoux
Berkeley, Calif.

Editors / It is not coming, not the third sex nor the twelfth. There are just two. The collapse of the ethics of capitalism, not very humane at best, has left a moral void that the ethics of socialism have not yet grown to fill. So the old bonds have broken, while unprecedented corruption and violence stalk blatantly across the land.

There is an obvious responsibility on the shoulders of the young who can no longer relate positively to imperialism, to build a new society, but it is a long and arduous task and many have turned aside for transitory thrills and ducked into convenient escape hatches along the way. Drug use is one, religiosity is another, freakish sex behavior is a third.

The constructive road ahead is for determined women and men patient and persistent, undrugged in mind and body, clear in their political and sexual identity, living in monogamous families, giving their children the advantage of a stable home, with serious goals, important cultural traditions and revolutionary courage. It is a road that is strewn with wreckage and lined with pitfalls

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but yet many are able to follow it.

Hugh W. Chaffin
Freeville, N.Y.

Editors / It would have been wonderful this month to see a good solid article comparing the various gubernatorial candidates. Instead, we get the inanities of Leary and the impotence of James Nolan.

THIRD SEX? The cover was enough to make one cry, and the story enough to make one puke. This band of gypsy orphans who so titillated and conned and played with Mr. Nolan have nothing to do with world betterment . . . they more represent that "empty fortress" of which Bruno Bettelheim wrote. At least, if Bruno B. has never discovered what love is, he has not bothered us by burdening us with his personal hangups, which is what, I believe, Mr. Nolan has done in his stupid and not very useful article. Shame on *Ramparts*. If it's silly games and pretensions that you want, maybe you should stop publishing and go into some other *game*.

Marion Wylie
Oakland, Calif.

[JANIS JOPLIN]

Editors / Andy Kopkind has been a Movement friend of sorts and consequently I found his piece on Janis Joplin a bit distressing. I don't quarrel with the contents, but my real objection is to his paternalistic style and mood. *Ramparts* doesn't have a great historical record for solid writing on women's oppression or for making salient political points about women in pop pieces. Is one of the reasons because men are writing most of the articles?

I hope in future that male editors at *Ramparts* will stop trying to do women a favor and commit themselves to real change: Give women more space to speak seriously for themselves.

Marti Mueller
San Francisco, Calif.

Editors / Kopkind's article on Janis Joplin [*Ramparts*, Nov. 1973] saddened me terrifically. It seemed one of the few epitaphs which escaped being crudely maudlin or smug. It was an additional surprise because it was a man writing well and compassionately about a woman.

Some of us women, who write quietly in corners, late at night: who endeavor to shape an artistic or thoughtful, but entirely un-kozmic, life, get caught in a cross current of feeling about kozmic women. I find myself alternately elated and cheered that they can make themselves heard, and yet, at times, intensely envious that they, a very few, have exclusive access to the microphones.

A real frustration is that those of us whose names are little or never known, feel that out of our relative obscurity, might have been able to save the wounds, mitigate a pain like Joplin's. That is presumptuous hindsight, I suppose, but the feeling persists.

Thank you for a fine and careful piece.

Joanne Ristau
Somerville, Mass.

[THE CRISES AHEAD]

Editors / The Kennedy myth that "something vital had gone out of our world with the death of the young President" (*Ramparts*, December 1973), the fantasy of Camelot shot down, was that the people up there—experts, intellectuals, scientists, statesmen—had the future under control: anticipated needs, planned solutions. "The Man for the Sixties" was the most appealing motto for the man who looks ahead: the man for the future.

In recent years, even the most naive have understood that government and industry have done and are doing virtually nothing to plan for the future. Shock upon shock—energy is just the last—have resulted in the most short-range band-aid stop-gaps imaginable. Nor can one glibly say that this myopia is in the long-term interests of the powerful. The oil companies will make a lot of fast money, but no one will really gain from the crushing paralysis of energy and food shortages. It is liable to turn against the people who are letting it happen.

Unless we see future chaos as the most expedient catalyst of radical social change in fact, even if we do it is time to organize

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around the uncertainty almost everyone feels about the future, point out that no concerted study or action is now taking place. Those in power have made no effort to start a worldwide, or even national, program to deal with the crises ahead. The level of fear, concern and shattered hopes is so high that people are ready to listen and act.

Irving F. Laucks
Santa Barbara, Calif.

[HEALEY CORRECTIONS]

Editors / Some corrections on Barry Farrell's interview with me in the December *Ramparts:*

My maiden name is Rosenblum, not Rosenbloom.

I never was a member of, nor worked for, the State, County and Municipal Workers Union.

My mother is an "old Bolshevik" but "rigid"? Never! One of my favorite memories of her is the time (in 1935) when a representative of the Young Communist International told her that she had to choose between his continuing to come to her house for meetings and the presence of a close relative who insisted on reading Trotsky's books.

Mom's reply was characteristic of a lifelong approach: "I don't let anyone tell me what books I can read and I don't intend to act as a censor toward others. The choice is simple: don't return."

At a time when anyone representing the Soviet Union was regarded by Communists as "sacred," my mother's reaction was as atypical of the norm in this instance as it has been in other areas which she considered of a principled nature.

Further, neither she nor most of my long-time colleagues in the Communist Party consider me "a renegade."

Finally, the meeting at which the definition of the united front was made ("not to include Maoists, Trotskyites or Dorothy Healey and her ilk") was of the Southern California District Committee of the Communist Party, not the Committee for the Restoration of Democracy in Chile.

Dorothy Healey
Los Angeles, Calif.

[POLICE POLITICS]

Editors/I found your article on "Cleaning up the Act: The Politics of Police Reform" [*Ramparts,* Oct. 1973] interesting and informative. However, I was a bit distressed over the apparent error in research that led to the assertion that I agreed with McGeorge Bundy, President of the Ford Foundation, that, in the words of Mr. Kopkind, "no one was really responsible" for the original contact with the CIA that led to the special training of 14 New York City policemen by that agency. Furthermore, Mr. Kopkind's statement that I "exonerated Bundy's friends" was misleading.

When in December 1972 I first criticized the CIA's training of local policemen as a violation of the National Security Act of 1947, the CIA responded that the idea for this CIA activity had come from Ford Foundation staff member. With this statement in hand, I wrote to Mr. Bundy questioning him about the Foundation's involvement. Mr. Bundy replied stating that no employee of the Foundation had made this suggestion. Finally, by letter on April 3, Mr. John M. Maury, Legislative Counsel of the CIA, stated that upon reviewing the file on this matter he determined that there had been a misunderstanding by the Agency that led to crediting the Ford Foundation consultant with the idea of approaching the CIA and that in fact the idea had come from Inspector Edward Stoll of the New York City Police Department. This relieved the Ford Foundation of the responsibility for the idea, but it did not leave a situation in which "no one is blamed," as asserted by Mr. Kopkind. Furthermore, I never stated that "no one was really responsible." Indeed, the responsibility lay with the NYC Police Department for making the overture to the CIA and with the CIA for going beyond its authority in becoming involved in this fashion in domestic security functions.

On June 6, I introduced HR 8432 to clarify the original intent of the National Security Act of 1947 that the CIA be prohibited from becoming involved in domestic security functions. This legislation specifically prohibits the CIA from providing training or other assistance directly or indirectly in support oof State or local law enforcement activities. This past summer Congress passed an amendment sponsored by Rep. Elizabeth Holtzman prohibiting the CIA from engaging in local law enforcement activities under the auspices of the Ominbus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act. Under this legislation, which is now public law, the CIA would no longer be able to cite any part of the LEAA law as a basis of authority for involvement in domestic law enforcement. I am still pressing for the full coverage provided under HR 8432, and I expect to testify shortly before Rep. Lucien Nedzi's subcommittee having oversight over the CIA.

Edward I. Koch
U.S. Congressman
18th District, N.Y.

["OUTSTANDING"]

Editors / Your last few issues have been truly outstanding. I have especially been thankful for the information given in the articles on the Rosenberg family and the fall of Allende in Chile. In reading these articles I was brought to tears with the full realization of how my country manipulated to destroy a family in New York and a dream in Chile. Never let your presses be broken.

Peter Berg
East Lansing, Mich.

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STANLEY ARONOWITZ

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The American Worker: "American workers are no less anti-employer than any other working class in the world . . . But they are ideologically and culturally tied to the prevailing system of power, because until now it has shown the capacity to share its expansion with a large segment of the working class."

Trade Unions: "The modern labor agreement is the principal instrument of the class collaboration between the trade unions and the corporations. . . . Even the most enlightened trade union leader cannot fail to play his part as an element in the mechanisms of domination over workers' rights to spontaneously struggle against speedup or *de facto* wage cuts."

Mass Culture: "The significance of mass culture as a control mechanism has grown in proportion to the decline of neighborhood and family life, and its role has become important in maintaining the habits previously formed by traditional interaction processes. Yet the contradictory images of freedom and authority imposed by mass culture and schools both encourage and suppress 'deviant' political behavior."

The Decline of the Work Ethic: "Prior generations accepted the routine character of their labor as an inevitable price that must be paid for steady wages. They regarded the division of labor according to which skills were degraded and quantity replaced quality as the object of production as a part of the natural order of things. Drawing on the experience of equality encountered in play and friendship during an extended childhood, youth today enter labor with the rudiments of that alternate conception that makes traditional industrial discipline anathema."

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